THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 62 PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 724 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882. $3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 18.

THE BARREN YEARS.

BY I. D. K.

Life hath its barren years,
When blossoms fall untimely down,
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer toil, when Nature's frown
Looks only on our tears.

Life hath its faithless days,
The golden promise of the morn,
That seemed for light and gladness born,
Meant only noontide wreck and scorn,
Hushed harp instead of praise.

Life hath its valleys, too,
Where we must talk with vain regret,
With mourning clothed, with wild rain wet,
Toward sunlight hopes that soon must set,
All quenched in pitying dew.

Life hath its harvest moons,
Its tasseled corn and purple-weighted vine;
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign
Of plenteous ripening bread and pure rich wine,
Full hearts for harvest tunes.

Life hath its hopes fulfilled:
Its glad fruitions, its blest answered prayer,
Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air,
Indrawn to silent souls, breathes forth its rare,
Grand speech by joy distilled.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

OH, you have seen her!" answered Lady Ingram amused.

"I might have guessed as much from your wild appearance. Ninon is really a sort of firebrand to take about with one, I find; destruction follows in her train. Yes, she is your cousin undoubtedly; come and be introduced to her. I don't know her very well as yet; but"—smiling again—"I should say that she was a coquette down to the very tips of her fingers. So take care of yourself, my dear Dick."

"Oh," protested Dick indignantly. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Of course you don't! But I don't see what that has to do with the shrewdness of my suspicion.

"However, come and judge for yourself. You have Murray? That is all right. And have you see Madame Poulard? Is she not adorable?—a pretty southern flower transplanted to this barren old rock, to charm us all with her vivid coloring and—— But there—I will keep my poetry for less inattentive ears. I see that brown eyes have no chance at all with you to-day, you poor dear Dick!"

Dick was incapable of a reply.

Was there ever anything so odd in all the world?

He had a cousin, a beautiful young cousin called Ninon, of whose very existence he had been ignorant five minutes before, and he had come by the merest chance to France to meet her travelling with Lady Ingram, who was his cousin too in some way, and his very good friend!

Oh, it was exactly like a fairy tale!

He had not believed that such things ever happened nowadays.

Lady Ingram, as they slowly climbed the stone steps, paused on each landing to breathe and fan herself, and began to explain to the young man that Ninon was the eldest daughter of poor Gerald Masserene, who ended so miserably years ago at Boulogne.

"Ninon's mother was a Beaufoy, you know," the lady went on.

"But poor Gerry, after he had run through her fortune, and broken her heart with his wild ways, married again, as your mother may have told you, some horrid woman, and then died, leaving the second Mrs. Masserene to take care of Ninon, and of another little girl—I don't even know her name—by the second marriage."

"And did none of our people hold out a helping hand to the poor soul?" asked Dick, who was eagerly watching the light ascent of the tall figure before them, as it climbed from flight to flight of the stone steps, and flitted past the little houses and gardens that lined the crumbling walls.

"What could they do?" asked Lady Ingram, in her turn, pausing to fan herself again in the dense and welcome shadow of a great fig-tree.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"They are all as poor as church-mice, and the Beaufoys have never forgiven Gerald for marrying poor Ninon—this girl's mother I mean—or for giving her such a successor as the present Mrs. Masserene. The woman is a horror.

"Ninon must be rescued, by hook or by crook, from her clutches. Of course none of us knew until now what a beauty we had in the family."

"She is lovely!" declared Dick breathlessly.

"How did you find her out?"

"I saw her on my way home from the South, where Mr. Beaufoy had insisted on my going to see him die."

Lady Ingram shrugged her shoulders again.

"Of course he had no more intention of dying than usual.

"He merely wanted me to amuse him a little—we were always good friends, you know; and he does nothing all the winter at Hyeres but conjugate the verb "to tire." I played cards with him, and retailed to him the latest London gossip—stood it as long as I could, in fact.

"And then, as I say, on my way back, I took my courage in both hands and made a little detour, in order to go and see Gerry's widow and children on his behalf, the mother having written to him about her pretty step-daughter."

"And—about Ninon?" asked Dick, coloring.

"As you see, I brought her away—not without difficulty; I have been taking her about with me a little.

"I think there can be no doubt that she will make her mark, and that she has a bright career before her.

"But she is afflicted with an inconvenient weakness about her sister, a painfully plain child, who seems to be a sort of Cinderella in the Avranches *menage*.

"I tell Ninon that she must get rid of any notions that are likely to stand in her way.

"She is pretty enough to aspire to anything.

"I am willing—ill as I can afford it—to dress her and take her about for a year. Such a girl as she is must positively not be thrown away. She is too great a credit to the family."

"I knew she was as sweet and kind as she is lovely!" cried Dick, with enthusiasm. "Why shouldn't she be fond of her sister?"

"My dear Dick, the girl is quite hopeless, a true Burdock.

"Did I tell you that Mrs. Masserene was a Miss Burdock? Her Christian name is Hannah.

"Her unlucky little daughter is even more Hannah and more Burdock than she is. There is absolutely nothing to be done with her, except to ignore as far as possible the painful fact of her existence."

"Poor little girl!" said Dick, thinking how adorable it was of the beautiful proud Ninon to be so good to her insignificant little step-sister.

"It was a lucky accident, was it not," continued Lady Ingram, as she began to climb the last flight of steps, "which took me to Avranches?

"I was just in time. A girl might as well be dead and buried as live in such a place. The English colony is very small, and as odious as it is small.

"As the girls grow up, they have to be drafted off to England on long visits to their relatives, and, if they return without a scalp in their belt, so much the worse for them! It is their last chance on this side the tomb."

Dick was not listening in the least.

They were at the top of the steps now; and in the cool dark archway of the Abbey doors stood Ninon under her buff umbrella awaiting their appearance, with a smile of pleased curiosity in her brilliantly blue eyes.

"Ninon," began Lady Ingram, "I have found some one who will take care of us, and save you from further boredom—your cousin—our cousin Richard Strong. I give you both leave to flirt as much as ever you like; indeed I know that Ninon at least will not wait for my permission. But you are neither of you to fall in love. Understand that at once.

"Dick is only a struggling engineer. You are both too poor to indulge in expensive luxuries."

"I am not poor with Miss Masserene for my cousin," stammered Dick, blushing like a boy, as he stood holding his hat in both hands and bowing his bare head before the beautiful pale girl who was regarding him with such a gentle and friendly smile.

"That is a neat little speech enough," said Lady Ingram.

"It is not for nothing that Dick has been spending a part of leave to France. Now, Ninon, child it is your turn."

"Call me 'Ninon,'" said Miss Masserene, holding out her slim hand to poor Dick.

"Cousins are almost like brother and sister; are they not."

"Not in the very least," interposed Lady Ingram calmly.

"But I may as well tell you that I have warned Dick. So it will be his own fault if he succumbs to that very transparent little device."

"Katherine," responded the girl as calmly, "you are frightening my cousin. Remember he does not know me yet."

"If he did, child, my warning would not be needed.

"However, I suppose we all have to take our chance in this world. Let us go in and get this sight-seeing over. I am thinking with pleasure of dinner, and coffee by moonlight afterwards."

A young brother in a black gown came to act as their guide.

Even Lady Ingram's self-possessed stream of talk was hushed for the moment as they entered the great vaulted hall, where an artist or two, who were sitting on the steps and sketching, looked up from their work to gaze with hardly-disguised admiration at the beautiful young English girl as she passed by with her companions.

Dick Strong brought away but a confused impression of the wonderful old church he had come so far to see.

Lady Ingram indeed was the only one who profited by the young brother's very intelligent and agreeable little lecture, as their party, augmented by one or two French officers, followed him from the hall of Montgomery to the hall of Chevaliers, from refectory to crypt and from catacombs to cloisters and dormitory and chapel.

Dick was walking with Ninon.

He was holding her umbrella and looking into her wonderful black-lashed blue eyes, and talking to her in a subdued tone of voice that seemed most appropriate to the noble columns and echoing corriders through which they were passing side by side.

She gave him her little hand to help her up the darker staircases, and smiled her thanks as they emerged again into the light.

Together they went and stood in the huge projecting fireplaces, and looked up to where, far above their heads, a distant glimpse of sunshine peeped through the narrow chimneys.

Miss Masserene came out again, laughing and looking very animated and lively.

She had a little audience to watch her pretty smile and words.

The officers were quite as desirous as Mr. Strong himself that the young lady should lose none of the beauties of the several rooms.

One ventured to call her attention to the delicate carving of the slender pillars in the cloisters, another begged of her not to ascend the "lace staircase" too quickly for fear of making her heart beat.

Lady Ingram looked on with much amusement at the little comedy.

She had never been sufficiently handsome herself to attract admirers by her looks, but she had nevertheless a charm of her own for her masculine friends, and she liked at all times to be surrounded by men and by young and pretty women, amongst whom she had the art of making herself popular, as she had of inducing them to forget, for the most part, to remember her age.

And Ninon, as she knew perfectly well, was more than pretty.

Hers was a face that must always draw men after it as naturally and irresistibly as the moon draws the tides.

Lady Ingram was in the habit of frankly admitting her own selfishness, and did not conceal the fact that the motives which regulated her conduct were seldom if ever disinterested.

She pleased herself now with the prospect of Ninon's entrance into society under her wing.

Every year she was feeling more and more the necessity of some such over-powering attraction with which to maintain her reputation as one of the most agreeable and sought-after women in London or at the foreign watering-places where two-thirds of her year were invariably spent.

To have such a young beauty in her train to be the centre of the excitement and discussion and envious glances which Ninon's appearance must invariably create—that was the reward she promised herself for the trouble of dressing and chaperoning and protecting her young cousin during the year of which she had spoken to Dick.

And she looked upon the present little scene as the preliminary canter before the great race for which Ninon was so soon to be entered, admiring extremely the girl's charming nonchalance and skilful coquetry and feeling considerable amusement at the sight of the havoc she was creating among the three young men who chance had brought within reach of her dangerous eyes.

Poor Dick was utterly lost already; that was only too evident.

But at least he had been warned.

Lady Ingram felt that she could wash her hands with an easy conscience of the possible results of a meeting which she certainly had not forseen or brought about.

"Are you sure that you are not cold?" asked poor Dick anxiously of Ninon, when they had at last reached the topmost battlement, and a little wind began to blow across the sandy wastes from the sea.

"Or that the sun is not too hot?" suggested one of the young Hussards in French as he respectfully raised his cap.

"Perhaps mademoiselle would do well," hazarded the other, with equal politeness and equal solicitude, "not to venture too near the edge, in case of a sudden giddiness."

Dick scowled at both the speakers; but Ninon, who was intent on the distant view of the Avranches which was to be obtained from that side of the turret, answered all three with an impartial smile.

"I wonder what Tiffany is doing over there," she said wistfully, as much to herself as to Dick—"dear little Tiff?"

The officers were still hovering fascinated round her, in spite of poor old Dick's scowls.

The turret was certainly free to all; but the young man felt as if he would gladly have hurled the harmless young Frenchmen over the battlements there and then.

Lady Ingram, still with her shrewd amused smile on her lips, was wondering whether she ought to set up a sprained ankle or to faint on the one bench the turret afforded to secure her fair share of attention.

But at last it was time to descend and to pass through the church, with which their sight-seeing was to end.

At the altar, beneath the silver statue of St. Michael and his dragon, the young brother knelt down for a moment or two to cross himself and to murmur a hurried prayer.

Dick waited stolidly for their conductor, still coldly glaring at the hovering Hussards.

Lady Ingram looked bored, and put up her eye-glasses to inspect the saint.

A man mounted on a step-ladder was digging out the refuse wax from the great silver candelabra, and throwing it into a basket below with a noise that jarred upon the hushed tranquility of the scene.

Ninon stood watching the kneeling figure of the young brother in its shabby black gown, and her bright face grew suddenly wistful.

He was a lad of not more than nineteen or twenty, and already he had done with life, with the world, with happiness as she understood the word.

Perhaps she was asking herself what he had found instead, and wondering vaguely why such an existence as he had chosen, of self-denial, of narrow duties, of obscurity, patience, obedience, should seem so utterly repellent, so utterly impossible of acceptance to her.

"All his days he will starve the brain Heaven gave him, and the heart that will still go on beating, though he has covered it up with a black gown. Oh"—the girl clasped her hands with a sudden pang—"I hope I may never have to give up, to suffer to be patient! I could not—I could not!"

As the poor lad rose from his knees, Ninon advanced and spoke a few gentle words in French, explaining that she wished to buy a rosary and some medals for her mother's maids.

She was rewarded with a very grateful look.

Her voice was as sweet as her words.

She followed the modest young guide into the little shop outside the church, where every one began to buy photographs. Ninon had no lack of advisers as to the choice of her rosaries.

"Confound these French fellows!" muttered Dick savagely, as the two Hussards began gaily to recommend this one or that of the large collection to the young lady's notice.

"Oh, why should you say anything so dreadful?" asked Ninon, with an air of the most charming simplicity.

"I don't see what harm they are doing, poor fellows."

With which, she turned, smiling, and entered into an animated discussion in French with the two officers, drawing Lady Ingram into the conversation for propriety's sake, and completely excluding poor furious Dick, who was thus made to feel horribly crushed and to repent of his awfully rash speech.

Cousins must be taught, no doubt, not to presume upon their cousinship, especially when it is only an hour old.

His torture ended only when the brother brought back the rosaries and medals which Miss Masserene had bought, and gave them into her hands with the assurance that they had been duly blessed.

He presented the young lady besides with two or three little printed sheets of paper which, as he explained, contained the whole "Chaplet of Saint Michael."

"Keep those by all means," said Lady Ingram in English, looking over the girl's shoulder.

"And have you bought a rosary for yourself?

"What does the chaplet say? An indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for each recital of the beads? My dear child you will have so much to answer for, once you go into the world, that you had better provide yourself while the opportunity occurs with such an easy method of atoning for your sins."

"Katherine, pray don't!" pleaded Ninon, flushing a little, and stealing a hurried glance at the pale and modest face of the young friar.

"He believes in them. Don't let him think that we are laughing at his faith. I—I am so sorry for him!"

She turned to the lad, with another gentle look.

"It is Francine and Bardeau who will be proud of their medals, monsieur," she said in his own language.

"I will tell them of all that I have seen today, and relate to them all that you have so clearly explained.

"I think you very much, sir, and I wish you a good day."

The brother bowed low, and the young lady left the little shop laden with purchases.

"Mayn't I carry the beads and things?" asked Dick meekly following her.

The officers, having bowed with much earnestness, felt that they dared not intrude any longer, now that the sight-seeing was over, and remained behind, consoling themselves with the reflection that they must probably meet the fair English lady again at the table.

Lady Ingram was leisurely following the two young people down the many flights of steps, past gardens bedded in the rock, where lilies stood tall and white in the slanting sunshine, where nasturtiums spread their orange and brown-velvet petals where raspberry-bushes hung their laden branches over the ragged path, scenting the air with their fragrance.

"Don't be angry with me any longer," pleaded Dick, with a look at Ninon's downcast black lashes.

"You said I might call you 'Ninon,' and you know we are cousins.

"Do you wonder that I cannot bear to see you stared at by every French idiot we come across?"

"Why not?"

The girl looked up a sudden sweet smile into his foolish bewildered eyes.

"Oh, you stupid great Richard that you are!"

"Not 'Richard,'" urged the infatuated young man, coloring with delight. "Lady Ingram calls me 'Dick.'"

"Dick then," echoed Ninon softly. "I will call you 'Dick' when you are good—when you are not rude, and don't look at unoffending foreigners as if you would like to eat them, moustaches and all."

"I won't do it again," delared Dick solemnly.

"I will always be good. I am good now. Call me 'Dick' again."

"Dick," the girl said obediently, in so sweet a voice that Richard Strong thought he had never heard music to equal it.

CHAPTER IV.

"NINON," said Lady Ingram, as the two ladies were taking off their hats before dinner, "something impels me to repeat the warning I gave you at the door of the church. For Heaven's sake do not go and get in love with Dick Strong!"

"Oh, dear, no!" answered Ninon innocently.

"What can have put such a grotesque idea into your head?"

"Oh, that is how it is! So much the better. Well, then, I change the letter of my behest. Don't let Dick fall in love with you."

"Of course not, Katherine"—aggrieved. "I am sure he has far too much sense."

The girl was fastening some maroon nasturtiums in her dress and spoke as though Lady Ingram's interruption of her occupation was ill-timed.

"Is that all you are depending on?" ejaculated Lady Ingram through the open door of her bed-room.

"My dear child, take a friend's advice and let poor Dick Strong go. He will do well, no doubt, to try your 'prentice hand upon; but as he is a relative, I think, if I were you, I should let him off."

"He said something about going on with us to Cherbourg, and to Paris," responded the girl demurely.

"But I am sure, if you were to advise him not——"

"All right, child," said Lady Ingram resignedly.

"All I want you to remember is that I shall stand no nonsense. You are to make a good marriage, or I wash my hands of you ever and a day.

"Very well," said Ninon meekly.

"And now let us go down. There is poor Romeo prowling about the doorway and watching for the tip of your toes on the staircase.

"What an absurd little butcher's shop is opposite!

"Exactly like a toy. Those tiny legs of mutton are glued to the window, I am sure and that old woman in the cap who is looking out moves only in spasmodic jerks when you wind up some unseen handle."

Dick came forward eagerly to meet the two ladies as they came down the stairs into the kitchen, where the husband of Madame Poulard was busily frying fish. He paused in this operation to make his guests a superb bow, and to open the door of the dining-room for them, with a flourish of his white apron.

If Ninon had been lovely in her hat, what did she appear now to her infatuated cousin with her magnificent black hair uncovered, her clear skin unshaded, her blue eyes dazzling through her long black lashes? Her slim rounded shape showed to perfection in its clinging yellowish gown; the great bunch of brown-velvet blossoms so skilfully fastened under her delicate chin.

She smiled at Dick, and told him she was very hungry; and they all went in and took their places together at the table.

The murmur of subdued admiration to which Lady Ingram was growing accustomed followed Ninon's entrance.

The officers could not eat their dinners for watching her.

But Dick did not care now.

She was wearing his flowers—he had bought a handful, because on their way home she had admired their color, and he had sent them up-stairs to her room—she was his cousin; he had the right to call her "Ninon."

The young Hussards in their splendid uniforms were no more to him now than the greasy and self-satisfied commercial traveller who sat on one side of them, or the gray-haired minister who sat on the other.

Indeed he was rather sorry on the whole for his discomfited rivals, to whom Miss Masserene had vouchsafed only the faintest possible little bow of recognition.

Pretty Madame Poulard, followed by her two handmaidens, was going round the table with her dishes of fried fish, her civit of hare, her leg of rare mutton.

She pointed out to Monsieur l'Abbe a choice morsel which he was about to overlook, and herself helped him to more black butter.

She heaped Miss Masserene's plate with white-heart cherries, and exchanged with the young lady that good-humored glance which one recognized beauty can afford to bestow upon another.

It was very warm in the little low-ceiled dining-room.

The commercial traveller was not the most agreeable neighbor in the world.

Lady Ingram ordered coffee to be carried out into the little street, where already a first faint shimmer of moonlight was silvering the edges of the quaint windows and gables, and of the toy butcher's shop opposite the Hotel Poulard, in which the little old woman in the cap still stood immovable among her funny little shoulders of mutton.

It grew darker and darker; a red light shining from the open door of the kitchen showed Monsieur and Madame Poulard seated in patriarchal fashion at their well-earned supper, surrounded by their maid-servants and their men-servants, including sleepy Jean of the gig, as Dick saw.

"I should think there is a delightful breeze on the ramparts," he hazarded presently, when a little lull had fallen on the conversation.

Ninon had a black lace scarf over her head.

She looked at Lady Ingram and laughed heartily.

"It is tempting, isn't it?" she said, in a meek little voice.

"It is so warm down here! Katherine, do come!"

"My dear child," protested that lady languidly, "I have climbed six hundred steps already to-day; even my feelings as a chaperone will not induce me to repeat the performance.

"Take her, Dick. I give you half an hour. You are to bring her back to me here at ten o'clock, remember."

He promised eagerly; and, Ninon nodding, the two ran lightly up the stone staircase and passed under the archway on to the moonlit ramparts.

Some fishing-nets were hung on the walls to dry.

An old couple passed by on their way home from their evening walks; a white cat was trotting after them and from time to time rubbing its head affectionately against the old lady's black-silk gown.

The air was sweet with honeysuckle-scent that was blown about by the faint little sighing sea-breeze.

Far off on the flat silvery sands a solitary dark figure was making its way home, fish-creel on back.

An old peasant woman with a wrinkled brown face was at her cottage door sorting out a basket of flat-fish.

Ninon stopped to wish her a good evening, and to converse a little.

The brown old face lighted up very pleasantly.

She explained that the fish were plaice.

Yes, they were small, but they were very good, look you.

There was the white plaice, and there the pink.

The pink was much more delicate in its flavor; "one could almost guess as much, could one not, mademoiselle, by the appearance of the fish?"

Eh, she had lived long—all her life—and she was sixty seven years old come Easter—at the Mont St. Michael.

She liked it well enough.

She had very good health.

There was neither doctor nor druggist in the town, so every body was obliged to carry themselves well there.

The brothers could give advice and medicaments in simple cases, it was true, and then there was always Pontorson close at hand.

"Is it not very lonely in the winter," asked Ninon gently, "when the wind roars round the rock and the rain pours and the sea moans?"

"Eh, it is not more sad in winter than in summer! One has to live. Of what use would it be to be sad, mademoiselle? One has one's house and one's man, and a little fish to arrange for dinner—and then what would you have? One clings like a limpet to the rock."

Dick gave the old wife a piece of silver, and the young people wished her good night and went on their way.

"Did you notice her voice?" asked Ninon slowly.

"It was grave and monotonous like the sea whose sound has been in her ears since the day she was born."

"I was not listening to her," said the young man gently.

They had reached the great fig-tree, of which the quivering black shadows fell across the moon-washed pathway.

A red light was shining from the house that was once the house of Du Guesclin's wife.

At a door above their heads a woman was calling her children in to go to bed.

"Let us sit down here for a few minutes" Ninon said, pausing and smiling up at her cousin, and looking very pale and pretty under her black lace wrap.

"You shall tell me about yourself—about your life.

"Is it not odd that we should meet like this? Is it not a shame that I never knew before I had a cousin Dick, that you never knew you had a cousin Ninon?"

They sat down on the moonlit steps under the fig-tree; the wind blew the light folds of the girl's yellow gown across Dick's knees.

She turned her bright melancholy face to him in the chequered shade.

The young man's story was soon told.

He was a struggling engineer, with no reputation as yet and his business carried him to all sorts of far-away and outlandish countries, where he was sometimes in danger of his life from fever or malaria, or from the knives of the aborigines.

"Oh," cried Ninon, distressed, "why did you tell me that? It will haunt me when you are gone away again."

"Will it?" whispered Dick eagerly.

"You won't quite forget me then; You will sometimes think of me when I am gone?"

"Are we not cousins?" said the girl very shyly.

"I wish you knew my mother," the young man went on earnestly.

"She would be such a good friend for you to have. I wish she knew you. I wish she could see you, dear.

"You must let me take you to her when you come to England."

"Yes"—doubtfully.

"We are not grand people at all like Lady Ingram, but you won't mind?"

"Dick!"

"No, I know you won't. And you will love my mother; she is so sweet and cheerful, and such an angel."

"Is she?"

The girl looked at him wistfully.

"I know that some people have sweet kind mothers. How nice it must be!"

"Oh, you poor child!" said the young man gently.

"I forgot that you can never have known yours."

"No, I was such a little thing when she died.

"But—does your mother live all by herself when you are away in Africa?"

"Oh, no! She has Mary with her all the time."

"Mary!"

Ninon looked up smiling, softly, into his face.

"Mary is your sister?"

"No—my cousin."

"Oh!"

It seemed to Ninon that there was a certain amount of embarrassment in the young fellow's face and voice.

"And she lives with you always?"

"Yes, she is an orphan. She came to us when she was quite a little thing; and she has stayed with us ever since."

"It is no wonder. She must love your mother and you very much for having given her a home."

"Oh, any one would have done as much! But now Mary is a little swell, I must tell you. She has her pony-carriage and her maid; but we cannot persuade her that all this grandeur is thrown away upon our modest little house at Barnes."

"You would not like her to go, would you?" said Ninon.

Dick laughed good-temperedly.

"Oh, no, of course not!" he said. "I do not know what we should do without Mary.

"I suppose one of these days some lucky fellow will be running away with her; but until then——

"I wish she knew you," he added abruptly. "I wish my mother knew you, dear. They would both love you and take such good care of you."

"Your mother would perhaps"—Ninon shrugged her shoulders—"but not Mary. What is her other name?"

"Hawthorn — Mary Hawthorn. Why should you think so?" asked Dick, very much surprised.

"Because"—Ninon was looking down perversely and pulling a leaf to pieces—"because I am sure Miss Hawthorn will be jealous of any one whom you care for; and you have promised to care for me, and for Tiffany a little. You are the cousin we have; and"—in a low voice—"you won't let Mary prevent you from liking us, will you, Dick?"

She looked up again into his face, the moonlight glittering strangely in her sweet and wistful eyes.

Dick began to feel an unreasoning anger against poor Mary Hawthorn for having given rise to such a suspicion in the breast of his newly-found cousin.

"You know I will not," he said abruptly. "You know that not Mary, or any one else in the world, could prevent me."

"I am so glad!"

The girl brightened.

"How nice it is to have a cousin! And now we have talked confidences enough. I have told you all my secrets; we must go back, I am afraid. I am sure it is nearly ten o'clock."

As they returned along the moonlit ramparts, the old woman had finished sorting her fish.

She was sitting on her doorstep and eating her supper out of a big brown bowl.

She nodded and smiled as the young people went by.

Lady Ingram they found still sitting at the little table where they had left her.

Every one was going to bed.

The servants were barring and barricading the doors of the hotel and pulling to the shutters.

One of the Hussards went by disconsolately seeking his comrade.

It was evident that they had agreed to go different ways in search of the fair English woman and that both had failed in the attempt to discover her.

"Madame Poulard has put us in the Maison Blanche," explained Lady Ingram, waking out of a doze.

"I have had our things moved for the sake of the view.

"Dick, you shall come and see us safely to our porch.

"It is half way up the rock. Here comes our guide, no doubt."

The chambermaid was to conduct them to the White House carried a brilliant Japanese lantern at the end of a long stick.

Pretty Madame Poulard came forward to watch them on their way, and to wish her ladies a good night.

"This way," said the chambermaid, in her cheerful sing-song.

They climbed the steps in single file, the girl with the lantern leading the way, and Dick bringing up the rear.

Through an archway black as night against the moonlit space beyond they passed, and last of all up a seemingly interminable flight of stone stairs built at a dizzy height outside a wall, with only an iron railing on the side that looked over the gardens and house-tops below.

Grand and grim rose the Abbey above their heads, not a light shining in all its sombre breadth.

Here and there a flitting candle moved from window to window in the hotel beneath them; the coolness and fragrance and mystery of the midsummer night were all around them, the parti-colored lantern swung from the end of its long stick, far up the height, looking like some monstrous tropical insect in the moonlit darkness.

"What a shame," said Ninon breathlessly when they reached the rocky garden surrounding the Maison Blanche, "to bring you up all this way for nothing, you poor Dick!"

She gave him her hand at the door of the house.

"I have not come for nothing," declared Dick, pressing her slim little fingers in his great palm.

"Good night!" cried Ninon.

"Be sure you don't dream of those horrid vaults and dungeons."

"I hope I shall," whispered Dick. "It was there that you let me hold your hand; I hope I shall dream of them all night."

"You goose!" the girl answered, with a little laugh; but the first of many and many an after-twinge shot through her heart as she stood and watched him making his way down the dizzy staircase again, the lantern going before him through the dark old archway until both were lost from view beyond the last low flight of steps near the Hotel Poulard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Squire's Will.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

AND serve him right!" said Mrs. Wynhart grimly.

If Mrs. Wynhart had lived in ancient times she would most assuredly have been ranked among the Scribes and Pharisees.

She was always criticising and finding fault.

And when she spoke out the short, decisive sentence above recorded, she set down the tea-kettle with an emphasis which jingled the very lid.

The neighbors had been there to drink tea.

Whenever anything of social importance happened in Sandville the neighbors always went somewhere to drink tea.

And Mrs. Wynhart had had tea and plum cake to celebrate the occasion.

And now that the company was gone (Sandville people always put their knitting work in the bag and went home early on account of the beach road and the rising tide), Luella, the eldest daughter, was washing up the dishes, and Winifred, the younger, was chopping raisins for a pudding.

"Oh, mother!" pleaded Winifred, who was a fair-haired, cherry-lipped girl, always hanging down her head like a wild anemone, "don't talk in that way, please!"

"Mother's right enough," said Luella.

"Why shouldn't I talk that way?" said Mrs. Wynhart.

"It's the gospel truth, ain't it?

"Jack Jolliffe was a wild fellow always, careering around the country when he'd ought to be at home, reading his 'Notes on the Catechiz!'"

"But, mother," ventured Winifred, "you let him come here to see Luella when you supposed he was old Squire Sandiman's heir!"

"I couldn't put him out doors, could I?" retorted Mrs. Wynhart severely.

"Besides, that's quite a different thing altogether.

"Squire Sandiman ought to know his own nephews better than any one else, and he's left all his money to Simeon, while Jack has only got the Beach Farm, where there's nothing on earth but sea-weed and samphire to be had!"

"It's an unjust will!" said Winifred, reddening to the very roots of her flaxen hair.

"Hoity-toity!" said Mrs. Wynhart, wheeling suddenly around, and regarding Winifred sarcastically through the moon-like spheres of her big silver spectacles.

"What business is it of yours, I'd like to know?

"He never will be Luella's husband now!"

"There never was an engagement," said Luella cavalierly.

"Of course a girl must amuse herself; but I didn't care for him."

Winifred looked up with her soft eyes brimming over with tears.

Was there no such thing, she asked herself, as truth and loyalty in the world?

Why did they all turn against him in this way just when his uncle's will had so cruelly disappointed him?

So Mrs. Wynhart and Luella went to the "Weekly Chorus of Song," where Deacon Throney led the tunes very much through his nose, and Miss Betsey Boxfield labored after, on a leaky melodeon which wheezed audibly at every note, and Winifred remained behind to darn the stockings and put her twin-brothers to bed.

"Some one must stay, to see that Benjamin and Abijih don't set the house on fire," said Mrs. Wynhart.

"And Winifred never cared for music," added Luella, "nor for society either."

It was the way in which matters were always decided in the Wynhart household.

Winifred was quite used to it, and never dreamed of making an appeal.

Luella was undoubtedly the beauty of the family; but there were those who might have preferred the yellow locks and limpid blue eyes of the younger sister, in spite of her round little nose, and the mouth which was perhaps too wide for classic comparison.

But while she sat there all alone, with the twins snoring upstairs, and the fire crackling on the hearth, and the golden March moon climbing the sky, there came a tap at the door, and in walked no less a personage than Jack Jelliffe himself.

"Oh Jack!" said Winifred, jumping up with a slight scream.

"Yes, it's I," said Jack somewhat moodily.

"I just met your mother and sister.

"They wouldn't speak to me."

"Wouldn't speak to you, Jack?"

"Pretended not to know me, until I spoke.

"It's all the same.

"Winifred, you don't believe it, do you?" he burst out abruptly.

"Believe what, Jack?" she asked, in faltering tones.

"That I am wild and worthless—that I deserved the slight my uncle has put upon me."

"No, Jack," very earnestly responded Winifred, with tears in her eyes, "I never believed it!

"Because we were playmates together, and you were always, oh, so good to me!

"And besides, Jack, I hoped—I thought you might one day be my brother."

"I liked Luella well enough," said the young man slowly, "but it wasn't she that I wished to make my wife.

"It was you, Winifred!"

"I!" cried the girl.

"I loved you, Winifred," said Jelliffe in a faltering voice.

"Whenever I dreamed of a home of my own it was your face I fancied beside my hearth; but now——"

"Well," said Winifred, "now——"

"I don't care to ask any girl to be my wife.

"I couldn't expect any girl to go to the bleak loneliness of the Beach Farm, with its acres of sea-grass and shingly sand and its old, one-storied house, all leaning to one side with the east wind."

Winifred looked at him with soft, glittering eyes.

"Jack," said she, "I don't mind the loneliness nor the east winds if—if only you love me.

"I'd risk it all, if——"

"Winifred, do you really mean it?"

And she answered, blushing beautifully: "Yes, Jack."

"You'll risk it all, Winifred, for my sake?"

And she said again—

"Yes, Jack."

Great was the tumult and displeasure in the Wynhart family when it was discovered that Winifred had engaged herself to Jack Jolliffe.

"If it had been Simeon, now," croaked Mrs. Wynhart, "I shouldn't have so much objected."

"But I didn't love Simeon, mother," pleaded Winifred.

"Love!" repeated Luella angrily.

"Bah! I've no patience with such sentimental trash, and if Winifred is really determined to go to the Beach Farm, she must make up her mind to separate herself from us."

"Oh, Luella!"

"Luella is right," said Mrs. Wynhart. "I never expected to see a child of mine deliberately turn pauper."

And Winifred, who had been secretly contemplating the idea of a new white alpaca dress to be married in, now resolved that she would have to wash and iron her old white muslin, because it was very plain that her mother would not open her purse-strings in her behalf.

Winifred, soft and yielding though she was in other matters, was most true and loyal to Jack Jolliffe, in spite of the vehement opposition she met with from her family.

"I love him, mother," she said piteously, when Mrs. Wynhart was most merciless in her vituperation.

"Humph!" said the stout matron.

"It's a pity you didn't fall in love with Billy Seeley, who has just been sent to the poor-house."

So matters stood, one bloomy, blowy April evening, when Winifred went out under the new green leaves of the woods to meet Jack Jolliffe.

For Mrs. Wynhart had made herself so obtrusively disagreeable that all hopes of pleasant evenings by the fireside were abandoned, and Winifred lived only in the brief, bright moments when she met her lover in the spring sunset.

Jack Jolliffe was there before her.

"Well, lassie," he exclaimed joyously, as she came up, "I've been waiting for you this half-hour.

"And I thought you were never coming."

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Wynhart was cutting out little cloth waistcoats for the twins, by the light of a lamp, when the door opened and Winifred came in, leaning on—Jack's arm!

She glared at them over her spectacle-rims with most ungracious eyes.

"Mother," said Winifred in a low voice, "we have something to tell you.

"Jack has sold the Beach Farm——"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Wynhart; "and you're expecting to come here to live, are you?

"But you can't."

"To the city of Landport," went on Winifred, as if her mother had not spoken, "for a seaside park.

"And they have paid him five thousand dollars for it."

"Five thousand dollars!" gasped Mrs. Wynhart, "for fifty acres of barren sea-sand!

"It ain't true—I don't believe it!"

"And," added valiant Jack, "we have bought Doctor Bailey's farm, with the stone house, and I can give Winifred a home at least as good as the one I take her from."

"As good as you take her from!

"I should think so!" ejaculated Mrs. Wynhart, remembering with regret that all this golden prize might have been Luella's. "Squire Bailey's house!

"With a bay-window and double parlors, and blinds to every window.

"Well!

"Only, Winifred, I hope you'll not be too set up to speak to your mother and sister when you've moved there."

"There is no danger of it," said Winifred laughingly, almost hysterically; for, brave as she had been in the face of trouble, good fortune almost took her by surprise.

"But, oh, mother, if you'll only kiss me, and say that you're glad I'm going to be so happy—if you'll only do that."

And Mrs. Wynhart did so from the very bottom of her heart.

Neither was it an act of hypocrisy.

For Winifred engaged to a man worth five thousand dollars was a different sort of person from Winifred who had resolved to marry a pauper.

And this was the sort of logic by which Mrs. Wynhart argued her way through life.

Squire Sandiman's will was so different from the way in which people generally had interpreted it.

Simeon, with his thousand dollars in cash, was all very well; but the Beach Farm had sold for much more, and the disinherited nephew had become the hero of the day.

How was Squire Sandiman to have foreseen all this?

But Winifred cared little for all that.

She had loved Jack before, and she loved him now.

It was nice to be married at home, in a new white dress, with Luella to arrange her hair, and she was glad that they all liked Jack so much.

But she loved him, nothing else mattered much — she loved him, and that was enough.

SMOKING IN RUSSIA.—The smoke which most forces itself upon the attention of travelers in Russia is neither the smoke of the peasant's hut nor the vapor from "flaming towns."

It is the smoke caused by the burning of tobacco in the debatable and much-debated fashion pursued in the countries of Western Europe. Here, however, lack of power or want of will to smoke is well-nigh unintelligible. A man who objects to smoking is a much more insufferable nuisance than the man who insists upon smoking. To tell the truth, however, neither of these two classes exists in this country.

The Russians do not divide society into smokers and non-smokers; they decline to make railway carriages a sort of battle-ground for those who love the weed and those who do not; they refrain from suggesting, either by word or deed, that a man's social qualities or respectability can be at all correctly inferred from his attitude towards tobacco. The reason for this is that in Russia everybody smokes, and provision is made accordingly. Save the church, no place is there sacred from the weed. Every chamber of every well-kept house has its place for the reception of cigar-ashes. Hotels have similar conveniences, smoking being practiced as well as permitted in every accessible apartment in these buildings. In England, the railway traveler is left to dispose of his cigar-ashes either by depositing them on the floor of the compartment or by disposing of them through the window. In the former case the result is always uncleanliness—in the latter the wind sometimes interferes with the smoker's project, not always to the convenience of his fellow-passengers. Here railway authorities provide a small box or receptacle in each carriage for the use of those who smoke. The "tobacco question" is all the more easy to deal with in Russia for the reason that women smoke as well as men. The Russians themselves—I am here giving a masculine opinion of the masculine sex—are inclined to disparage feminine indulgence in the weed and to regard the women who smoke as socially "fast." It is true enough that one sees few women smoking there in the street.

Public use of tobacco in the daytime is confined among the female sex to the peasant classes. At the same time disinclination to be considered "fast" is no proof of a woman's incapacity to consume large quantities of tobacco.

As a matter of fact the middle and the upper classes in St. Petersburg are all of them, with rare exceptions, inveterate smokers. The silver or gold case is much more indispensable than a fan to a lady mixing in society. To be without cigars is to be careless of one's reputation. For a guest, lady or gentleman, to decline a cheroot is one of the most serious social offenses, that can be committed.

Bric-a-Brac.

DESPERATE GAMBLERS.—The Malays have at all times been addicted to gambling. In former days, in Ceylon, they would "play away the ends of their fingers" over the draught-board. Two would sit down with a fire burning, whereon was set a pot of walnut or sesame oil, while beside it lay a small hatchet with an exceedingly sharp edge. The loser placed his hand upon a stone, and the winner chopped off a joint, when the mutilated finger was plunged into the boiling oil and thereby cauterised. Some men, fond of the game, but unskilful or unlucky, had every finger shorn of its tips.

GETTING A LIVING.—It is said that in London there is a class of people whose profession it is to rise before day and commence their perigrinations about the town searching for objects lost the previous night and evening by the million and a half who swarm the streets. These persons often make fortunes. Their gains cannot be but enormous. Especially as stealing, and begging, and pocket-picking, are probably collateral sources of emolument. Another one of the London professions is dust sifting, in which very valuable jewels, money, etc. etc., often reward the perseverance of the industrious.

SUPERSTITIONS.—In the West Indies when a glass cracks suddenly in a house it foretells a death, and a horse stopping before a house and neighing is also a sign of death. If a cock crows in a house a stranger may be expected. In the South American colonies no good Catholic cuts a banana across. The fruit when so cut shows a mark which is thought to resemble a crucifix. The number of years it will take before a pine plant bears fruit depends on the number of chops given with the hoe before placing the plant in the ground. Black people, as a rule, before drinking pour a quantity of the liquid on the ground. "When hen drink she lift she head to God and say, 'Tank you;' when man drink he drink and says nuffin."

THE PIETY OF GREAT MEN.—All the great generals of antiquity were remarkable for their piety. Epaminondas, the deliverer of his country, had the character of the most religious of men; Xenophon, the model of conquerers, gave himself out to be the son of Jupiter. Among the Romans, the ancient consuls of the republic, a Cincinnatus, a Fabius, a Paulus Æmilius, a Scipio, placed all their reliance on the deity of the capital; Pompey marched to battle imploring the divine assistance; Cæsar pretended to be of celestial descent; Cato, his rival, was convinced of the immortality of the soul; Brutus, his assassin, believed the existence of supernatural powers; and Augustus, his successor, reigned only in the name of the gods.

THE FIRST "BULL."—In Milton's Paradise Lost there are several instances of that figure of speech called a "bull." A writer, in one of the English periodicals, has discovered the first example of this rhetorical blunder in Anacreon, who, in an ode which winds up in praise of woman, treats us to the following specimen of natural history: "'Nature hath given, (for their weapons of offence and defence,) horns to bulls, hoofs to horses, swiftness to hares, a cavern of teeth to lions; to fishes the power of swimming; to birds the power of flying; to man she has given wisdom.' For woman, she had nothing left. What then did she give her?—Beauty." Is beauty nothing? He afterwards tells us, that this same beauty is more terrible in its effect than fire and steel united.

THE NUMBER OF MARKS.—A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through a space of a rod, sixteen and a-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make on an average sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 to each minute; in an hour 28,800; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. The man who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men, newspaper writers for instance, make 4,000,000. Here we have in the aggregate, a mark 300 miles long to be traced on paper in a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet we must make from three to seven turns of the pen, or an average of three and a-half to four.

THE MANICURE.—A New York letter says: "When my time came I sat in a row with five other ladies, all in the easiest of arm-chairs, and with damask napkins in our laps. Finger-bowls of stained glass on plates of painted French china, filled with tepid water perfumed, and containing an acid to soften the skin, were given us, and solemnly we sat and soaked our fingers for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time an operator on a low stool seated herself before me, and dried one hand, posed it on a pink satin cushion, and with a fine steel instrument quickly scraped away all the soft skin round the nail, then she filed it into a point at the top, and clipped the sides with sharp scissors; then she rubbed a red salve, called rosaline, over it, wiped it off and proceeded to polish with the diamond powder, using the palm of her hand, until the nail fairly glittered, and finally warm water, castile soap and a soft brush left it clean, smooth and shining. The process was repeated on every finger, and in half an hour, for the sum of one dollar and fifty cents, was finished, and the result was ten pink and brilliant weapons of defence so sharp and pointed as to suggest the advantages of peace. The fashion of wearing these long and pointed nails has become so exaggerated that it necessitates long-fingered gloves and extreme care to prevent them from breaking off."

LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,
  Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark, and now serene,
  Together thou and I must float,
Beholding oft, on either shore,
  Bright spots where we should love to stay—
But time plies swift his flying oar,
  And on we speed, far, far away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
  We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower,
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
  And smiling wait a sunnier hour.
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
  We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
  Complain not when it fades away.

So reach we both at last that fall
  Down which life's currents all must go;
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
  To sink into the void below.
Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms,
  If side by side still fond we keep,
And, calmly in each other's arms,
  Together linked go down the steep.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

I WOULD not on any account tell you," laughed Tosslande.

"You would go to see her if I did, and all your contempt for civilization would not save you from being the maddest of the mad who run after her chariot wheels."

"Hyperbolical as ever!" returned Lord Enderby, with a slight smile.

"How is Anne, and where is she?"

"Oh, with her aunt at the old place!

"You will go and see them?"

"I don't know, Lady Brentwyche and I have not been good friends of late.

"We parted in great anger two years ago at Nice.

"I believe I threatened her with annihilation."

"Which is the next thing to Nihilism," said the old airy Marquis, with his usual lightness.

"I dare say you quarreled over that myth.

"I don't believe in it in the least as a real power, you know."

Lord Enderby only smiled; he seldom talked seriously to Lord Tosslande.

"Does Lady Brentwychе mean to stay in London till the end of the season?" he asked.

"I think so.

"Then she returns to Italy for the winter, I believe.

"She can do as she likes now, you see, for she has plenty of money.

"I beg your pardon, Enderby."

"Never mind; I must learn to hear Lady Brentwychе congratulated on her great gain, which was my loss."

"But every one knows you never cared for the money."

"It was Brentwychе money.

"I shall be glad when it goes to Lady Anne.

"I will give her a call to-morrow afternoon; tell her so if you see her.

"She is used to the warfare between aunt and me; she will not mind it if we quarrel again."

With this they parted.

Lord Enderby entered his club; the Marquis, who picked up his living like a bird, in all sorts of ways, went on to the city to see sundry promoters of companies, in whose flourishing prospectuses his noble name often appeared as chairman or director.

In this way his marquisate became useful and brought him quite an income, which he spent mostly on himself, losing, however, an equitable share to his friends at billiards and cards.

That evening, to Lord Enderby's surprise, the Marquis called on him.

"I thought you would be at home by yourself, like an Egyptian mummy in his case," he said.

"I am come to carry you off to the opera, Enderby."

"I am not civilised enough yet.

"I landed in England but two days ago.

"My ears are tuned to sweet sounds; even the 'music of the future' will not move me."

"I will take no excuse.

"I have seen Anne, and she says you must go.

"Here are our stall-tickets.

"She was very liberal; she gave them to me."

Lord Enderby laid down his book, his face growing pale with the sudden thought that seized on him.

Anne surely had some reason for sending him this message.

"I will go with you," he said quietly, his words as measured and slow as though his heart was beating without pain or passion.

It was a benefit-night.

The streets near the theatre were filled with carriages; corridors and staircase were filled with a well-dressed mob.

"She draws tremendously," said Lord Tosslande, in his airy way.

"She is such a favorite that on the nights she sings people fight for places."

Lord Enderby did not reply.

He could not say, "Who is she?"

Just now, in the fever of his fear and hope, he could not have endured any human voice but Anne's to breathe Grace's name in his ears

Being a benefit-night, the entertainment was strangely mixed.

Different acts of different operas were to be performed, and between the acts there was to be a short concert.

Many of the great stars of the musical world lent their talent on this night to the beneficiaire; hence the attraction was of an unusual sort, and the house was crammed from roof to basement.

The brilliant audience clapped its old favorites with fervor, and yet, when the curtain had fallen on the last act of Don Giovanni, there was a hush of expectance in their silence which spoke more eloquently than their applause.

The curtain rose again on La Sonnambula.

The heroine was Grace.

She was beautiful—wondrously beautiful; yet it was not her beauty which made her extraordinary charm.

It was because in her the audience recognized a typical living figure of the poetic spirit of music in its purest, divinest essence.

Their sympathetic pity, their sympathetic triumph followed her in every phase of the story, through every passage of the music, which she sang as only genius, poetry and music blended in one woman could sing.

She charmed, she enchanted, she filled all hearts with joy or sorrow as her song rushed forth from her lips, speaking her passion, her grief, or her happiness.

What she felt all felt; she carried every heart with her through the play.

And, when the cloud that divided her from her lover was lifted, and the glory of love and innocence was hers again, her burst of joy electrified the audience.

The house literally rose at her, handkerchiefs were waved and flowers were thrown at her feet.

But these were not the best tributes she received.

They lay in tears, in suppressed sobs, and in the drawn breath and pale silence of many whose memories were awakened, whose souls in sorrow went back at a bound to early innocent joy which could return to them no more.

The curtain fell, but she was called before it; and then the house rose again, not this time partly in hushed silence and breathless enthusiasm, but with an outburst that spoke of tension relieved, of voices and feelings repressed that rushed forth now in wave upon wave of sound, flowing, ebbing, returning, falling at last into silence only because the lovely figure had vanished towards whose feet the sea of voices rolled.

"What do you think of her?" asked the Marquis.

Lord Enderby started as the question as a man awakened from a trance.

What did he think of her?

Of whom?

Of his Red Riding-hood, his Grace, the forlorn child-waif he had rescued in the road and gathered to his heart of hearts, to cherish for ever?

A sort of amazement came over him at the question—an amazement composed of sorrow, anger, passion, unutterable.

Why, she was his—his very own!

No one had a right to demand what he thought of her: his thoughts of her were sacred to her and himself.

"Ah, I see you are struck dumb!" laughed the Marquis.

"You are chained to her chariot-wheels now, like the rest of us.

"Anne ought to have known better than make me bring you here.

Still Lord Enderby gave no answer.

The great heart-ache in him was bringing a flood of bitterness with every thought.

The pangs of jealousy, of wrath, of passionate longing were working like madness in his brain.

The long enforced separation from his love seemed to him more cruel than he had believed it to be, more cruel than he could bear.

For a full minute he lost the sense of outward things; he neither heard nor saw, nor felt the crowd around him.

He saw only Grace; he felt only her presence; he knew only that her image was filling every avenue of his soul.

His eyes had looked upon her face again; this was the joy, the wonder, the delight, the anguish unutterable, all entangled in one vast wave of emotion sweeping over him, drowning his spirits in its depths.

Voices around him speaking of Grace aroused him, bringing back his vague anger against all the world, who stood there to behold her, to hear her, to admire and praise her.

"Here's Soulis waiting to shake hands with you," observed the Marquis.

"Do let us be silent," said young Lord Soulis.

"Talk is dreadful when one's heart is aching for the sound of one voice only."

Lord Enderby turned and looked at him.

He was Anne's brother; but for this, it might have fared ill with him at this moment.

"I arrived from India only yesterday," he observed, as if that look had made him think it necessary to apologize, "so my enthusiasm is excusable.

"Who is she?

"Where does she come from?

"I am burning with curiosity."

These questions he addressed to his father.

"My dear fellow, people say a thousand things about her.

"Some declare she is a member of a princely house—niece of the Duke di Valdivia; others swears she was once a peasant, a servant even, and Lady Brentwychе discovered her genius, and a rough coarse relative paid for the training in Italy."

"And how much of this is true, old chappie?"

"Oh, both accounts are veracious, though they sound contradictory!

"But the greatest mystery about her is that she is never allowed any freedom and very little money, though she earns such immense sums."

"Oh, come," expostulated Lord Soulis, "you are drawing the long bow!"

"I am speaking plain truth.

"All her engagements are made by a man named Delgado—a very handsome fellow, who plays the Count—I hope she will never let him play the lover.

"He acts abominably; he is always watching her, but sings pretty well.

"He limps in his gait, so there are some parts he can't play; then he stands at the side-scenes and watches her.

"Somehow everybody hates him.

"But he is in all her engagements and takes all her money."

"Then I suppose the wretch is her husband?"

Lord Enderby grasped the arm of the stall—his frame quivered from head to foot; he kept his anger silent by a great effort.

"Nothing of the kind," resumed Lord Tosslande; "she is unmarried.

"Don't you see in the bill she is Mademoiselle Reno?

"And why she takes that name is another romantic story."

"It is all romance," said his son.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," returned the Marquis.

"Her father is a Nihilist, and bears that name to hide his real one.

"He is in a Russian prison, or exiled to Siberia—I forget which.

"And there is a rumor that she too is a Nihilist, and all her money goes to the Nihilists."

"The brigands!" exclaimed Lord Soulis.

"Fancy that lovely creature singing for them, working for them, earning fabulous sums to buy them cigars and dynamite!

"Oh, the story won't hold ground a moment!"

"Yet I assure you I have heard from a high quarter that there is truth in it."

"If there is, it's a shame!

"We should not allow it in India," returned the young man.

"I begin to think Europe is 'used up.'

"Where does Mademoiselle Reno live?" he asked.

The Marquis laughed.

"I don't know," he said; "but I do know she has a most extraordinary duenna or companion, who never leaves her; and I know she sees no one.

"She lives a most secluded life and accepts very few invitations."

Lord Enderby heard all this without remark; but he asked a question now, with voice and lips scarcely steady.

"Does that man Delgado assume any kind of guardianship over her, or live in the same house with her?" he said.

"Oh, no!

"She lives with her guardian—the relative I spoke of—and his wife.

"I believe she insisted on the wife joining them more than a year ago when she was starring it at Milan.

"It was there she gained her first great success.

"Since then she has sung at Vienna, Florence, Paris, and now here.

"People say she tried for an engagement in London, but not a manager would look at her.

"She wanted the foreign stamp, you see, then."

"So she is English?" interposed Lord Soulis eagerly.

"She is Italian; but her mother was English," answered Lord Enderby.

"Oh, you know something of her!" exclaimed the young man.

"Do tell me if there is a word of truth in this Nihilist story."

"Her father is a Nihilist, condemned to Siberia.

"I can tell you no more."

During this conversation the stage had not been idle or empty; but not one of these three men had heard or heeded the performance.

When the curtain fell they could scarcely have told the name of the piece.

"Now for the concert," said the Marquis, turning over his programme.

"She appears again in that.

"When I have heard her, I shall go."

"So shall I," observed his son.

"I see she plays a solo on the violin in the concert, and sings a song.

"It is strange she should be a violinist—nothing very great in that, I expect—but, if she were not a singer, she would be a splendid actress—such power of displaying emotion, and yet such command over it!

"I should like to see her in tragedy."

Not great on the violin!

Lord Enderby smiled sadly.

The flood of music that had poured down the narrow turret-stairs at Caermorran still haunted him; the song of the sea beneath the golden shade of beech-trees in the garden still brought him the lull of the waves; the deep, divine, dark sheen of the heaving waters beneath the blue of the Cornish sky, the face of his child leaning on Grace's shoulder, the smile on her lips, her glorious voice, the sunshine, the shadows, the love that encompassed them about—all came back in the vision surrounding it like a halo.

And it was here again, brought to the eyes of his spirit, brought to his heart by one touch of divinest skill.

Lost in thought, he had not noted the rise of the curtain.

Now he lifted his eyes and saw Grace again—no longer Amina the peasant-girl, but clothed like a princess in the sheen of satin and glimmer of pearls.

His eyes devoured her, his heart beat loud and fast; her name sprang to his lips, but he held it back, and, bending forward, for a single instant her gaze met his, and their spirits rushed together, then parted.

And, that moment of ecstasy passed, he felt alone and forsaken again.

If she had been greatly moved, she had not betrayed it.

Her touch was firm, her hand untrembling; that wonderful power which enabled her always to calm and still her emotion stood by her now.

Had she seen him?

Had she noticed him before?

Surely yes, or she would not now be playing this weird wild music that brought back every memory of Caermorran.

Suddenly, as she moved her hand, he saw that she wore but one ring—it was his—the old Milpreve ring, round which superstition had woven so strange a story.

He recognized it with a rush of joy, then with a shudder of pain.

The new story engraved on it had a deeper meaning, a more dreadful legend than the old one.

He should take it from her.

She should have the pearls now.

On a table by her side he saw a bouquet of forget-me-nots; it was another touch of memory that brought visions with it.

She played on amid a breathless silence—the flutter of a handkerchief in the deep stillness was distinctly, impatiently heard.

It was a silence to be felt, and through it there thrilled and ran a story making all the human hearts there one heart, beating with the same joy, yearning with the same pity, shrinking with the same pain.

She played from no written music.

The depths and heights of inner music in her soul were large and divine and inexhaustible as nature, as the infinite love and beauty from which she gathered the inspiration which gave her hand an angel's skill!

From so beautiful a soul, so lovely a nature as hers, the utterance could be only divine.

It hushed the voices of the world, false dreams fled before it, and the sick spirit of city-life, tossed from wave to wave of unrest, folded its weary wings in sudden peace.

Her hand ceased its cunning; but the silence of that peaceful rapture she had laid upon so many hearts was not broken.

They were spell-bound still, fastened in a strong enchantment, lips and eyes and breath chained to the visions she had raised.

She took her flowers in her hand and moved away, with just one upward glance, a half smile, as if she thanked them for their patient listening.

Then a gentleman came forward to lead her away, and only now did the audience awake from its trance.

Then arose a scene of enthusiasm not easily to be forgotten.

Grace stood through it all composed and calm.

In her clinging white dress she seemed a beautiful statue just imbued with a gentle, quiet breath of life.

The cries of "Encore!" were persistent, but Grace could not yield to them; hand and heart were weary.

Her large eyes looked forth pleadingly, her hands were clasped, as if in entreaty.

The audience responded to the mute appeal, and stilled their selfish cry.

In another instant she had vanished from their view.

The stage was mere boards when she was gone, and the people on it were only shadows; they scarcely seemed alive.

The intense full life of genius in her made other lives appear dull and quenched.

"What a woman!" said the airy Marquis, drawing a long breath.

"If all women resembled her, there would be no inconstancy."

"I wish you would not talk," said his son impatiently.

"You never understand when one wants to be quiet."

Then in an undertone he murmured:

"So constant as her heart would be,
So fickle as it must,
'Twere well for others as for me
'Twere dry as summer dust."

The conclusion of the verse passed rapidly through Lord Enderby's mind; but he did not utter the lines:

"Excitements come and act and speech
Flow freely forth; but no—
Nor they, nor aught beside, can reach
The buried world below."

The half-quenched sorrow, the "buried world" within him, which he had kept down by the stir and excitement of travel, had arisen now in its strength, and he fought with it no longer.

The renewal of love after absence is stronger than its beginning, and the citadel of the heart yields to it far more quickly.

"Does she appear again to-night?" he asked.

Young Soulis nodded, and handed him a programme

His speech seemed locked up in silence; he was drinking "a beaker full of the warm south;" his thoughts were in cloudland.

His father, whose memory had no cares and his imagination no fears, was, on the contrary, full of talk.

"This is her best song, the gem of the evening," he said to Lord Enderby, tapping the programme with a long thin finger.

"It is immensely popular.

"People somehow apply the words to her-

self, and she gets cheered to the echo, but never encored in this song.

"I believe the audience would sob aloud if she sang it twice, or else they feel it would spoil the effect; perhaps that's it."

"You are simply horrible with your suppositions," interposed his son.

"She sings neither for effect, nor for fame, nor for money.

"She sings simply because she has the divine gift of song."

The Marquis smiled, and talked on in a subdued tone.

His chatter was as importunate as the buzz of flies, yet he meant to be good-natured.

These two, he fancied, had never heard Grace before, so he was making himself a sort of showman to the new and favorite singer.

He subdued into silence amid low cries of "Hush!" when Grace appeared again.

She held a sheet of music in her hand.

Lord Enderby noted that it trembled slightly.

The orchestra played the first bars of the accompaniment; he recognized the air; it was the same that had met him on the night he returned from the sea, when it had fallen on his heart like the cry of Jeptha's daughter—the song of the victim who loves and dies.

REQUIESCAT.

"Strew on her roses, roses
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

"Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

"Her life was turning, turning
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

"Her cabined ample spirit
It fluttered and failed for breath;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty Hall of Death."

There were no cries of "Encore!" when this song was finished; there was no vociferous applause; there was only the tribute of tears and silence.

The words, written by one of England's sweetest, purest poets, were known to many; but the music—Grace's own—was wild, original, pathetic, most strange and wonderful.

There was more in it than met the ear; it touched the eternal harmonies that chamber in the human soul.

Lord Enderby rose, without a word of greeting to his companions, and made his way out into the open air.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"LET us go round to the stage door," said Lord Soulis.

"I want to catch a last glimpse of her."

"It is quite useless, my boy.

"No one gets a word, no one gets a look from her.

"But, if you are bent on going, let us start at once."

"I believe none of your romances about her," returned the young man, with an angry laugh.

"I'll get introduced to her before I am two days older."

"How will you manage that?"

"Through Anne.

"She knows her; she has mentioned her often in her letters to me.

"But I took little note to it then, not being interested as I am now."

"Well, if Anne introduces you, take care of your heart.

"You men from India, fall in love too rapidly when on English ground; and the House of Tosslande has never yet taken a wife from the stage."

"Considering the dilapidated state of the House of Tosslande," returned his son, a little grimly, "it would not be a bad speculation to marry a woman who can earn thirty thousand a year."

"In our family we are not used to live on the earnings of women," retorted the Marquis, in a nettled tone.

He had looked upon his son's words as a reproach, and he resented them.

He was unused to reproaches.

He was a man whom no one thought of blaming; he was regarded simply as unlucky, and his feelings were so highly sensitive that he always expected them to be considered.

"I would rather give my name to a lady who gained money honorably than sell it to shady public companies," rejoined Lord Soulis.

"I should have less compunction in living on her money than on theirs.

"But I should do neither."

"Are we quarrelling?" asked the Marquis, in quite a broken-hearted tone.

"My dear boy, this is dreadful.

"You have no respect for my feelings.

"You should not throw it in my teeth that I avail myself of my poor opportunities to live without being a burden to my dear girl and yourself."

As usual, the sensitive nature conquered the honest one; Lord Soulis felt self-reproachful.

"All right, old fellow!" he said.

"I believe you stumble through life in the best way you can.

"And I must say you are always jolly.

"Your clouds are never without a silver lining, though your purse may have no lining at all.

"Here we are, out in the glare of our favorite electric light."

This was the way Lord Tosslande liked to be talked to; he hated seriousness in conversation or in action, and his son never thought of calling him father, or appealing to him as father; it would have been too ridiculous.

His feelings now being quite soothed, he answered cheerfully and much in the tone in which he sometimes addressed a meeting of ardent shareholders—

"There is no doubt it will be the Light and the great Force of the future.

"The nineteenth century has been the age of steam, the twentieth will be the century of electricity."

"Electricity will doubtless play a big part in it; but it will be the century of Woman," said Lord Soulis, clapping his old-young father on the back.

"And I am sorry you and I will both have our electricity quenched by that time.

"Now let us see if we cannot struggle through this human block to a good place.

"This crowd is here only to look at a woman, and you and I are as eager as any.

"You see how fast my prophecy is getting fulfilled; we are helping the world on its road into the next century."

"I see you are falling headlong in love," said the Marquis.

"And what is a man worth if he is not in love?

"He wastes away his life; he makes no home for himself; he gains no standing-place; he ought to be broomed out of the world."

"You are excited," returned his father, "or I am sure you would not say this to me.

"You would not forget that I have to live my life at clubs and hotels, always homeless, always alone."

"You are out of the running, old boy.

"I don't allow you to be sentimental at your age.

"Club and hotels are the right things for you."

"At my age!

"My dear Soulis——"

"Hush!

"Here she comes!"

Lord Soulis grasped his father's arm, and bent his young blonde head forward eagerly.

A plain carriage, with two dark bays, stood by the door.

Grace stepped through it, leaning on Molly's arm.

The light fell full on her face; it looked very pale, but it was the paleness of a white and lovely lily.

Close by her, but not touching her, there walked a woman who looked like a farmer's wife, though she wore the dress of a fashionable lady.

This was Mrs. Gregory Blake.

Gregory himself headed the procession, clearing the way by his burly form.

In an instant Grace and her two companions were in the carriage, Gregory mounted the box, and the coachman drove rapidly away.

As the carriage moved, a tall figure was seen which had stood to the last by the carriage door perhaps in the hope of a greeting not given.

The face of this man, now turned on the crowd, was remarkable, not only for its extreme beauty, but for a certain set rigid expression of hatred and despair which made his features for a moment bloodless and caused his head and face to stand out distinctly by itself, as if held in the air by an invisible hand.

This strange illusion, like a vision of horror, lasted only a second, for the man recovered himself instantly and vanished within the stage door.

"What an extraordinary face—handsome, but repelling!

"It is a pity he limps," observed Lord Soulis.

"Who or what was he looking at?

"I should not like to be the fellow looked at like that."

"Hush!

"Come away.

"I'll tell you in a moment."

They walked on till clear of the crowd; then the Marquis said in a grave voice—

"Didn't you see Enderby?

"It's very strange, but it was at him the man was looking.

"It was the fellow who acted the Count—the agent I told you of, who makes all the engagements and receives all the payments."

"Does he?

"Then I am beginning to believe some of your romance.

"I wonder why Enderby was there?"

"Just to swell the crowd like ourselves," answered the Marquis.

"He's such a grave fellow," said Lord Soulis, biting his thumb-nail, "that I can scarcely believe that."

"Oh, you may believe anything where the Reno is concerned!

"And, besides, if report speaks truly, she is an old acquaintance of his.

"It was in his house that she was a servant, so people say."

"Any romance you please besides, but I'll never believe that one," returned the young lord, twirling his cane angrily.

"And just now you said her family was noble."

"So it is on her father's side: on her mother's it is plebeian enough.

"Didn't you see that coarse burly fellow, her cousin?

"He guards her with the air of a farmer looking after his prize cattle at a show.

"She's worth money, so she must be taken care of; that's his idea."

"Is she always guarded like that?"

"Always," returned his father.

"And, if one meets her rarely at receptions or balls, it is the same thing.

"Mrs. Blake, with her uneasy look and her provincial accent, is ever by her side, or her husband is hovering near; and that odiously handsome man, with his sleepy snake-eyes, is sure to be close at hand, watching every look, listening to every word."

"Then certainly she is in the claws of the Philistines, and it would be a good deed to rescue her," said Lord Soulis.

"Yes, but who is to do it? Who has the right to interfere?"

"A husband would," said Soulis, sucking his cane thoughtfully.

"His right would be pretty clear."

"That's just it—it is to keep her from marrying that she is guarded so closely.

"Frantic men have sent her no end of gifts and letters, and all have been returned.

"The lame man answers all letters; none reach her hands."

"Why, she is a prisoner then!" exclaimed the young man.

"Something like it.

"Now good night.

"I am waited for at my club; I promised to take a hand at whist."

"Good night, old chappie," said the other.

And this strange father and son parted.

Some old fascination drew the young man back to the Opera-house.

He expected nothing, he hoped for nothing in doing this; he was moved merely by a sort of blind instinct, such as makes a dog return again and again to stare at some object he cannot understand.

Strings of carriages were being driven rapidly away.

Lord Soulis avoided them, and got into the by-street where the stage door stood.

It was very quiet.

A solitary cab passed him and disappeared, a little group of men by the door scattered themselves with polyglot good nights.

Only two remained, talking earnestly.

One of these was Delgado.

The young Lord Soulis recognized him instantly, not by his singular beauty only, but by the white look of hatred again settling on his face as he raised his hand and spoke in Italian, with a quiet, hissing, deadly softness.

"Set my name down for the task, president.

"I want no lot drawn.

"My hand is ready when the command comes."

"But no order has reached me," said the other.

"We are not vindictive, and we have seen no absolute necessity to carry out this sentence."

"There's a strong necessity now.

"I repeat we shall lose her if he is allowed to live.

"And you know what a loss that would be."

"You are sure he has returned?"

"Quite sure.

"I saw him.

"He was here ten minutes ago, watching for her, seeking an opportunity to speak to her."

"But did not succeed?"

"No.

"We guarded her too well.

"But you are perfectly aware of all the difficulties that beset us in our watch.

"It will be impossible to keep them apart for long."

"And you think they will marry at all risk, and then he will remove her from the stage?"

Delgado had held his eyes bent towards the ground.

He raised them at this with a lightning flash of hatred in them; but he did not reply, for his glance fell on Lord Soulis, who passed them now carelessly, without the least sign of interest on his face.

"Who is that young fellow?" asked Delgado's companion.

"And why is he lingering here?"

"He is one of the crutch-and-toothpick tribe," said Delgado.

"He does not understand Italian; Englishmen never do.

"However, let us get inside."

"No; it is pleasanter here; it is so hot in that small stuffy room of yours.

"I dare say he is waiting for some one—one of the chorus-people perhaps.

"I'll try if he knows Italian."

He stepped farther in the street and accosted Lord Soulis, who had turned in his walk and was approaching him.

"Are you waiting for a friend?" he said in Italian, politely.

Lord Soulis answered him in Hindustani, and taking off his hat, gesticulated solemnly with a grave face.

Upon this Delgado's friend laughed, and went back to him.

"I think he is a German," he said, "or Hungarian perhaps."

"There are some Germans in the chorus," returned Delgado.

"At all events he does not comprehend Italian.

"I beg you will send a message to headquarters at once and say how necessary it is to act.

"It is useless to wait for the impossible; the man on whom the lot fell to accomplish that deed will live and die where he is."

"But, the lot having fallen on one man, it is not usual, as you know, to draw again.

"Such a proceeding might lead to complications; duties would be shuffled off upon others, and, in fact, men would think they could escape obedience.

"Therefore a draw lot is a final thing, even if we have to wait long for the end of the drama."

"I have said I am ready to play the part, and I am.

"There is no necessity for lots; I am simply a substitute."

"The melodramatic scoundrels!" said Lord Soulis to himself.

"They are only talking over some stage murder, after all!

"And yet no; they were certainly serious in what they said.

"I wish I could have heard all their talk; but that was impossible—no getting near enough."

Many people now emerged from the theatre—carpenters, scene-shifters, musicians, and others.

Lord Soulis thought it wise to make it appear that he had been waiting for one of these, so he joined the crowd, taking care to walk so near a group of chorus-singers that he might easily be supposed to be a friend of one among them.

He caught a few words more, as he again passed Delgado and his friend.

"In that case," said the latter, "you must give up this engagement, and get one abroad at an Italian theatre."

"Yes; the drama could be played out safely there," returned Delgado, showing all his white teeth in a cruel smile.

"And the engagement could be procured easily enough."

"I suppose these fellows are always talking 'shop,'," thought Lord Soulis, with some disgust.

"I wish all the same that I had never gone in so hard for Italian when I was at Malta, as I feel bored and worried now.

"I don't know whether I ought to rush off to Scotland Yard, or go quietly to bed.

"I vote for bed; and to-morrow I'll see what Anne thinks about it."

* * * * * *

"So you have seen her?" said Lady Anne.

"I need not tell you that she is the great sensation of the season: and she bears her triumph so quietly, so calmly, every one wonders at her simple goodness."

"Anne, I feel she is coerced.

"I am certain she is almost a prisoner," said Lord Enderby.

"Tell me—do you see her often?

"Are you allowed to speak to her freely and alone?"

"That seldom happens," answered Anne, a pained expression passing over her kind face.

"There is nearly always some one present at our interviews; and if we get a little time alone, we are constantly interrupted."

"Will she see me?

"Can she see me, do you think, Anne?"

"You mean, will she be permitted to see you?

"Well, then, frankly, I don't believe she will."

"But they have no right," began Lord Enderby in anger.

"It is not that," said Anne; "she has courage and sense; she would not submit for a moment to this tyranny if there were not some strong motive, or fear, most likely for others, impelling her.

"All the greater reason, Anne, she should be set free.

"I am determined to see her and to speak to her, if I have to fight my way into her presence."

"There is no necessity for such strong measures," said the voice of Lady Brentwyche, her giddy laugh, as usual, ringing out with her words.

"How are you?" she added, holding out her hand to him.

"We are friends, I hope?

"I came into the room so quietly, you did not perceive my arrival.

"You and Anne are talking of Grace, I suppose?"

"I have been telling Anne that I am determined to see her," said Lord Enderby, in his quietest manner.

"The ruffians and villains you have placed around her shall not deter me."

"The ruffian is her own cousin," said Lady Brentwyche, laughing again; "and the villains are stage-villains, I presume."

"You know better than I what sort of villains they are," he answered, his eyes meeting hers.

"She will choose her friends for herself—they are her father's," said Lady Brentwyche carelessly.

"In a moment you can ask her if she will give them up to oblige you.

"I thought I owed you some reparation for my quarrel with you at Nice, so I begged Gregory to bring her here this afternoon to meet you."

This was not the way in which Lord Enderby would have chosen to see Grace—indeed he foresaw this interview would be constrained and painful; but yet the thought of it made his heart beat fast.

The door opened, and he started and changed color.

It was Lord Soulis who was announced.

After the first greetings were over, this young man stared about him a little vaguely.

He wanted to speak to his sister privately and yet he felt himself held back from making a fuss, as he called it, over a piece of nonsense—what seemed serious last night was only funny this morning—only, in fact, the babble of two vain actors over a mysterious drama.

So Lord Soulis pressed the knob of his cane against his moustache and looked around in a helpless way, always bringing his eyes back to his sister's face, as if for inspiration.

All his talk was of Grace.

The moment another spoke, and he had to be silent, he subsided into his old uncertainty and his old stare.

The door was opened again.

"Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and Miss——"

"Molly," said that individual, and then immediately seating herself by Lord Soulis, as the person towards whom she felt the most affinity.

"Where is Grace?" said Lady Brentwyche, an angry flush rising visibly over her fairness.

"She was wanted for a rehearsal," replied Gregory.

"Oh, nonsense, Gregory!" said his wife. "You know quite well that Delgardo——"

But here she stopped, checked by a look from her husband.

Lady Brentwyche laughed uneasily, and drew her sister a little aside.

Her eyes met Lord Enderby's, and said plainly:

"You see this is not my fault."

He was pale, and his face had grown hard and rigid.

Gregory Blake, who was dressed outrageously and had made himself hideous in his attempts to be a gentleman, sat near him and began to talk with offensive familiarity.

"This London life is pleasanter than farming, my lord, and pays better, too.

"I thought first of all that I was took in, and should lose my money.

"But it was a lucky day for me when I stepped forward to help my cousin.

"She has paid me back double all I've spent for her.

"And, in fact, she's a paying spekilation altogether.

"Who would believe now that a mere slip of a girl could make so much money?

"You and I didn't think it when we met her at old grandmother's, did we?

"But what do you say to it now, my lord?"

"I say that you and a set of villains are taking advantage of a young girl's innocence and goodness to make a market of her.

"You are treating her like a slave—selling her talent and pocketing the wealth her genius brings you."

"Eh, what?" said Gregory, moving his chair a little, as if he feared a blow might follow such words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

"YOU mistake," said Barbara, calmly.

"Mr. Ashley never scorned the unknown orphan.

"It is to him that I owe the best gifts I have.

"He offered me a home—an adoption as his ward, which I, and I alone, refused to accept.

"And if he did me injustice, it was the fault of others, not his, that he deemed me false and unworthy.

"You cannot sting me to resentment against one to whom I owe gratitude and reverence, and——"

"And—love, no doubt," he said, tauntingly.

"As you please.

"I can ruin him without your help.

"The proofs of your legitimacy, your rights, do not rest with yourself.

"The will of Sir Geoffrey Ashley is in my possession, and the sole proofs wanting I shall have in a few hours from this very moment.

"But there is one consolation I could give him if I chose—one gleam of brightness in the gloom, and it rests with you whether I shall withhold it or not."

"With me?" said Barbara.

"Yes; if you choose to withhold your cooperation from one who deserves your utmost gratitude, I will exact to the utmost grain of the pound of flesh he owe me,' 'he replied.

"Now, choose."

"Why should I trust you blindly?" said Barbara, hesitatingly.

"If you will explain fully what you want of me, and what your intentions to Mr. Ashley are, then I will answer you.

"I am no child, nor fool, to be led and governed by vague words and mysterious hints."

"Hum—I think I have given you details enough," he said, coolly, "enough to satisfy any reasonable being that I both have the power and will to carry out my purpose to the letter.

"As to what I want of you, it is simply that you shall empower me, as your next friend, your nearest relative, to claim your inheritance for you, in your name, and for you, from the man who has so long unsurped it."

"My nearest relative!" said Barbara, fairly starting from her seat.

"Then who are you?"

"Oh, I am not going to take you into my confidence unless you give me some better inducement!" he replied, scornfully.

"I do not perceive so much affection or deference in your manner, as to tempt me to claim you as my natural ward and near relative."

"Then I shall suspend my judgment and my belief till I have some better proof of what you assert," said Barbara.

"You have no instinct, then, that confirms my words?" he said, cynically; "but yet they are true—true as the story I have just told you; true as the rights you hold; true as the God in whom, with all my sins or passions, I believe."

He spoke sternly, and yet with a certain pained look and tone that touched Barbara.

"I will believe you," she said, "so far as your assurance goes, but I cannot act on it unless I know who you really are, and what relationship you can possibly hold to me.

"You are not English; but my parents, even by your own showing, were of this country."

"I have no blood relationship to either you or them," said the man, "and yet my words are true.

"You have no nearer relative than myself, except the distant cousin who has usurped your rights.

"And now, Barbara Vere, will you empower me to act for you as your guardian and friend?"

"On what penalty?" she asked.

"That of depriving Sidney Ashley of the only redeeming consolation, the only knowledge that would take from the past its bitterness," he replied.

"Tell me its nature, and I will decide," said Barbara.

"Nay, you need not laugh so cynically," she added.

"I could not divine enough to rob you of the secret, nor would I betray it if I did."

"I believe you, I do believe you, child—woman that you are!" he said, earnestly; "but still, I will not put it in your power to break your word.

"It is enough for you to know that the consolation I mean is to see and to recognize one whose sins against him were far less than he believes, and whom she has long thought to be numbered with the dead.

"And now, will you promise to confirm and help me in what I shall inevitably do?"

Barbara paused.

It was a perplexity that might have bewildered a far more matured and dispassionate intellect than hers; her unselfish love, her disinterested devotion to Sidney Ashley, was contending with the natural repugnance to appear so ungrateful, so base, as to strip him of his heritage.

And yet, was it well to purchase his good opinion at the expense of his real happiness or knowledge of a secret that most affected his peace?

There was a few moments' deliberation, and then her clear sense of right prevailed.

"I cannot promise," she said; "you must see and know I cannot consistently with my own conscience.

"Whatever were the sins of Mr. Ashley's ancestors, he is innocent, and I will not move a finger in any process that would deprive him of what ought to be his.

"You must do your worst, but I will not help you; nay, more, I will hinder the wrong you would do him, if I can, by word or deed."

"And sacrifice your own rights—the wealth and station of the heiress of the Ashley's?" he said.

"They would be valueless to me," she replied, sadly.

"Without the owner—is that it?" he asked, mockingly.

"It is cowardly to insult a woman so gratuitously," she replied proudly.

"Our business is at an end now, and I must beg you to spare me any further needless trial."

Her voice trembled in spite of her efforts to preserve the proud composure of her mien, and the tears gushed to her eyes as she hastily rose and took a step towards the door before he was aware of her purpose.

He was, however, by her side in an instant, and his hand on hers, but not harshly or insultingly.

"Child," said he, "you are worthy of the too-gifted woman from whom you derive the noble nature that was so debased and perverted in others of your race.

"I must fulfil the one great object of my life, or I might perhaps be moved by your noble unselfishness to pardon, for your sake him whom you love.

"Nay, child, I would not wound you," he added, as her cheek flushed painfully at his words; "I deem it no degradation for a creature so isolated, and so impassioned as yourself to lavish the wealth of her best affection on the only being who seemed, in your girlish simplicity, to resemble your own exalted ideal.

"And one of his sins—his curse it may be—has been his infatuated blindness to his real happiness and welfare.

"But no matter.

"It is past.

"His fate was on him, and he has unconsciously added to its bitterness.

"Then this is your final decision?"

"Absolutely," she replied, in a low, exhausted tone, but with an unflinching firmness in the look that met his.

The man gazed at her a moment in silence then stooped down and touched her brow with his lips.

"Child," said he, "you are a noble creature.

"You will be worthy of the destiny that is rapidly working out for you.

"Farewell!"

He now led Barbara from the house with the grace and polish of a noble, rather than the humble, repelling foreigner he usually appeared, and was about to conduct her to the gate, where the carriage was now waiting for her.

"I cannot leave without Claudia," she said suddenly stopping as she was advancing down the path.

"At least, let me hear from her own lips that she chooses to remain."

"You must have no anxiety for her.

"I engage to account for my proceedings where she is concerned, and to prove that my right over her is an absolute one," he said, calmly.

"But Mrs. Cowan?

"How can I dare to return without her?" she asked, anxiously.

There was something in the man's manner and tone that almost impressed her with awe as he replied, "Claudia is in her right place; and it would be for others to account for venturing to take her from those who are her only natural guardians, not for me to ask pardon or permission from them.

"But, for your sake, I will take care to exonerate you, and prevent any anxiety they may feel on her account.

"Be at ease on that score, my child."

A gentle pressure of the hand on the arm a momentary glance that spoke more feeling than it could have been believed those cynical features could wear, and then he gave the coachman a sign which appeared to be fully understood, and the carriage drove rapidly off ere Barbara could well recover the bewilderment of the whole scene in which she had been an actor.

It was like a dream, confused, wretched, unintelligible, yet with a nameless horror that such vague and unreal visions spread over the mind.

She, the child of the Ashleys, the cousin of that noble being whose kindness had been to her as from a superior being to one inferior, such as to prevent any idea of companionship, of aught but hopeless reverence on her part, of condescension on his—the heiress of his broad lands!

The whole idea was as yet too strange, too monstrous to be realized.

Then the story of her mother, and her mother's mother's sad and yet noble fate; their self-devotion, their disinterestedness, their genius, thrilled her whole heart with a glow of generous pride and sorrow.

And floating on her fevered brain, passed again the scene she had witnessed in the sick woman's chamber, the too evident solution of Claudia's conduct, the knell to Sidney Ashley's hopes of love and happiness.

The carriage drove swiftly on, yet Barbara thought it but a moment ere she alighted at the gates she had left a short time since with her who perhaps might never return to their shelter more.

A life-time seemed to have passed since she had driven off with Claudia from those familiar steps; and yet she had not time to collect her thoughts during the drive home to decide on the course it was necessary to take to account for Claudia's absence.

But Stephen's voice, speaking in a low tone at her side, startled her from her anxious deliberation.

"Miss Barbara, please, I have a letter for Mrs. Cowan," he said.

"I shall send it at once, and you need not have any trouble unless you please, miss. The gentleman said it would explain everything."

Barbara thankfully accepted the respite—albeit it could be but a respite—thus afforded her by the mysterious being who seemed to control such different and varying agencies for his purposes.

"Stephen, what do you know of that gentleman?" she said, quickly, a suspicion flashing across her mind that the lad was more deeply implicated in the mystery than a faithful servant of Sidney Ashley should have been found.

"Nothing, Miss Barbara, that I can tell," he replied, firmly.

"All I have to do is to obey Miss Claudia, by my master's orders, and my own wish too; and nothing shall make me betray her," he added, defiantly.

It seemed to Barbara as if treachery to the noble-hearted Sidney met her at every turn and yet that she was powerless to avert or warn him of its existence.

She ran up the stairs to her own room, and locking the door, flung herself on the couch, and gave way to the tears that had long struggled for relief.

Here was a strong, proud nature, rarely given to such weakness, but her body and mind were exhausted and worn by the long strain on their energies, and the weeping to which she at last gave way was long and stormy; and then, as she gradually became calm from the exhaustion of the feverish excitement that had bewildered her brain, she began to collect all her thoughts and energies to meet the crisis that was impending over her.

What was to be done?

How could she save him she loved from the ruin that threatened him—ruin in which she was to be the unwilling instrument?

She knew him too well to dream that he would accept any renunciation of her right, or retain one foot of land that was not his by indisputable right.

Again and again did the words of the stranger recur to Barbara with vivid distinctness, as if burnt into her mind.

Every syllable, every look, was revived with intense anxiety to detect the smallest particle of doubt as to their truth, but in vain.

There was an air of indisputable serious reality in the whole story, a degree of accuracy as to the history of her hitherto unknown family, which spoke volumes in proof of the correctness of the rest.

And besides, it was so unlikely a thing that he would venture even to attempt so bold a game as an attack on Sidney Ashley's character and legal claims, without abundant certainty of his success, that Barbara's wildest hopes and wishes could not point to such an hypothesis.

Long and anxiously she pondered on the past, the present, and the future, till her brain was dizzy with the strange revulsions of feeling and perplexities which her new position entailed.

Barbara was but a woman, and a young, inexperienced, ardent woman; one too whose whole heart was devoted to one reverted, idolised being.

Every feeling of her heart was now engrossed by the one desire of hindering, if she could not altogether prevent, the impending ruin of that beloved one.

And if the plan at which she arrived was rash or visionary, it was at least an unselfish and a devoted one.

It was to leave Ashley Court, to disappear altogether from the scene of the stranger's plottings, and to thus remove one material assistant from the success of his plans.

She cared not what became of herself.

Nay, it seemed to her that the sooner she was taken from this dreary world the better for her own peace.

What attraction had life for her, when every event served to prove that she could not attract love or affection from those even on whom she had the greatest claim, from those whom she had wasted her utmost energies of mind and body to serve?

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE magic glass of the fairy legend would tell no more wondrous tale than the true and unvarnished chronicles of actual life.

The same moment, the same day, the same month witnesses such strange varieties of events, and feelings, and duties, of joys and sorrows, of deaths and marriages, partings and meetings, among not only those who are separated by the accidents of birth, and station, and place, but among the nearest in blood, the most closely united by nature, and it should surely be, affection.

The months spent by Barbara Graham in anxiety, in obscurity, in trial of the most varied and trying kind, had seen the brilliant wedding, the sunny honeymoon, the happy union of her young and fair sister Lillian with the husband of her own and her adopted mother's choice.

Philip Joddrell had at last yielded himself entirely to the fascination of the beautiful girl whose wilful, coquettish ways had only lent fascination to her flattering preference for himself; and, to his aunt's intense gratification, he proposed for Lillian one short month after they had quitted England, for the tour that had thus so completely answered its anxiously-expected purpose.

Lady Joddrell had consulted the impatient eagerness of the lover, and arranged for the wedding to take place in the gay capital of France with all the glitter of a marriage at the Embassy, a Parisian trousseau, and all that wealth and fashion could contribute to the brilliancy of the event.

And the honeymoon was spent in Italy till the falling of the leaf and the growing shortness of the days recalled them to the French metropolis, where, accompanied by Lady Joddrell, they left the continental scenes for their English home.

Philip at least was tired of the wondering and unhomelike life they had led.

The incessant fetes, and balls, and dinners, and excursions, were at last wearisome to him; and, perhaps from some as yet unacknowledged cause, even more irritatingly annoying than mere repetition or, fatigue could have accounted for.

Lillian, on the contrary, was enchanted by the whirl and glitter, the admiration, the novelty, the homage that awaited her on every hand.

She loved the sunny South, and the graceful, airy gaiety, the absence of all responsibility and care which such a life brought; and it might perhaps have been that eager pursuit of pleasure that made Philip more anxious to return to his own quiet ancestral home, where Lillian would, he trusted, settle down into the lovely young English matron he so longed to see her become.

It was a cheerful and luxurious home that awaited the petted adopted daughter of Violet Joddrell—a house furnished with everything that could gratify elegant tastes and fancies, and grounds which would have been a fit abode for the Fairy Queen; and all amid scenery that should have been of itself a sufficient charm for the young bride.

But after the first routine of exchanged visits, and country balls, and races, and a few other of the Autumn diversions of English country life were over, Lillian's palled taste wearied for more exciting amusements.

It was hum-drum work among the country neighbors, with no one but Philip and her aunt to talk to in the intervals of the unexciting visits, paid and returned with all due punctuality, and the bride grew so fretful and annoyed, that Lady Joddrell assured her nephew that something must be done, or serious injury might ensue to her health.

Philip for once, however, was firm as to the necessity of remaining for some time longer at his own proper home, and only yielded so far to his aunt's representations as to fill the house with guests, who might atone to the spoiled young bride for the monotony in which she had once professed to find perfect happiness, if shared with him.

The beautiful young hostess soon recovered her usual vivacity amid the flatteries, the exciting rivalries, and the homage of the graceful crowd who filled Joddrell Court at her bidding.

Like rapidly-flitting tableaux, group after group came and went, and were succeeded by others, and only one or two of the visitors seemed more strongly and irresistibly attracted to the pleasant country house, the horses, the capital table, and the brilliant society it contained.

These guests were old friends of Philip Joddrell's; of course it was natural that they should remain; and of course it was natural that Lillian should adopt her husband's friends as her own.

No one could venture to make an ill-natured comment; to blame either husband or wife, or guests, for the prolonged and

unrestrained intercourse thus easily permitted——thus keenly enjoyed.

And thus weeks rolled away.

* * * * * *

It was a beautiful day in September when Philip Joddrell again found himself at his old bachelor home in Green street.

He had been obliged to come up to town on some urgent business; but Lillian remained behind on pretext of delicate health, and the absurdity of making preparations for accompanying him, for so limited a time.

He had left her with reluctance, though the presence of Lady Joddrell of course prevented the possibility of the seclusion he would have willingly enforced during his absence.

He could scarcely insist on the house being cleared of the guests assembled there, while Lillian had the chaperonage of her aunt.

Once he hinted to her the desirableness of her abstaining from her usual walks and rides with Ronald Munro during his absence; but Lillian received his advice with such an ill grace, and expressed so sharply her determination not to submit to any such tyranny at the outset of their married life, that her husband turned away in sickening despair, hopeless of bringing one so perverse, so wilful, so selfishly devoted to pleasure and vanity, to any sort of submission, save by measures that would have made that submission valueless in his eyes.

Poor Philip was beginning to recall Kate Holder's earnest warning, her loving entreaties, beginning to despise, almost to hate, the childlike, spoiled wilfulness that had appeared so bewitching in the lovely ward of his aunt.

Philip's was a kindly, loving, but not an unselfish, strong nature, that could forbear and wait, and strive to train the wayward child he had made his wife.

The instant he discovered that he was in truth nothing to her but the passing fancy of an inexperienced girl, that no real love for him, for anything but self, filled her heart—that instant a wretched, fatal, hardening influence came over him; and a reckless determination to find in other pursuits, other society, the diversion from the bitter disappointment in the one dream of his life, began to grow upon him; a craving for other scenes, other and more sympathizing companions than the crowd who filled his house—"home" he felt it could no longer be called.

It was in this frame of mind that Philip arrived in London, and after his first interview with the lawyer who had requested his presence in town, he repaired to his club, and prepared to resume his old bachelor habits with greater zest than before his ill-starred marriage.

Had he known that the Holders had recently returned to town from a long absence in Ireland, he might perhaps have found a refuge, and more congenial resource in their hospitable house.

But he had heard nothing of his aunt or cousin since his marriage, and an undefined embarrassment where Kate was concerned, had prevented his either attempting to renew his intercourse with them himself, or prevailing on Lillian to invite his cousin to Joddrell Court.

In truth, Lillian and Kate had never been very close friends in former days; their natures, their pursuits, and ideas were as opposed as their personal appearance; and Lily was sincerely delighted at her husband's quiet acquiescence in her ignoring the existence of some of his nearest relatives; and this cessation of intercourse had of course prevented the young man's dreaming of their near neighborhood at a time when London was deserted by all who were not forced to remain in its dreary streets and squares.

It was the week after Philip's arrival, a week of constant excitement, of thoughtless, reckless abandonment to gaiety.

Several old friends, kept in town by their professions, or brought to it by the attractions it even then possessed for those who cannot exist away from its giddy whirl, had found out his presence in London, and eagerly hailed his temporary bachelorhood as a license for drawing him to participate in their wild and thoughtless excesses.

Had Lillian been with him, had even her memory been over him as a shield, a guarding influence, he might have resisted the peril; but, as it was, the drowning of thought in dissipation was the alternative that proved most alluring to his disappointed, seared heart.

A large party of these boon companions were, with himself, dining at the Star and Garter, Richmond.

They had come up by water in the cool autumn afternoon, while the horses and traps had been ordered to be in readiness to bring them back at night; and a gay and jovial day was now ending in a riotous and reckless revel.

The cloth had been removed, and only wine and cigars remained.

Bottle after bottle had been called for and emptied, till the waiters looked on and exchanged glances of amused and astonished expectancy.

The conversation grew loud and boisterous, now and then flavored with oaths.

Darkness came on, the shutters were closed, and the magnificent chandelier was lighted.

Philip Joddrell had drunk more freely than the rest.

A letter from Lillian, short, cold, tauntingly rebellious to the wishes he had again expressed through his aunt, had maddened him to desperation, and he had been at once the most reckless and apparently merry of the party during the day, while his secret heart had been cheerless and bitter in its gloomy memories, its dreary anticipations.

Philip seized a crystal ice-bowl, and was about to take a lump of ice, when it fell from his hand and was shivered to atoms.

A roar of half-taunting laughter succeeded the exploit, his face flushed crimson, and one of the party tried to avert the impending quarrel by proposing a song.

It was a genuine Bacchanal ditty, and the deafening shout rose to the very ceiling as the revellers leant forward and touched their glasses, or rather clashed, them together.

There was a ringing chorus as crystal met crystal, glittering fragments flew in every direction, down ran the wine, thick with splintered glass, on the rosewood table.

Fresh glasses were supplied, fresh bottles drained, and the waiters looked on in wonder when it would end.

The party were all young men, and, except Philip, unmarried, and they seemed but too familiar with such scenes.

One or two, thoroughly intoxicated, lay with their heads on the table, unconscious of what passed.

Philip leaned back and closed his eyes, sensible, yet powerless to continue his share in the noisy revel.

"Come, fill up," said one, "and let us have that glorious song from 'Lucresia Borgia;' you sing that, Joddrell?"

"'Tis poor fun without Munro," said another; "he sings it almost as well as Mario.

"No offence to you, Joddrell, but I never heard his equal."

Philip's brow darkened; he was in no mood to hear the praises of his absent friend.

"Where is Munro?" asked one of the party, a comparative stranger to the rest.

"He is a capital fellow for a spree, and I can't think where he has hidden himself all this time."

"Ask Joddrell; he can tell you," replied Proctor.

Then, observing Philip's closed eyes, he continued in a lower, but still audible, tone:

"He is at Joddrell Court, playing the amiable to Joddrell's wife.

"He is all devotion; waltzes and rides and sings, and Joddrell is good enough to leave them to their game without the interruption of his presence."

Philip started up at the mention of his wife's name, and aimed a violent blow at the speaker, but it missed its intended object, and fell on a punch-bowl in the middle of the table.

Bleeding and enraged, he attempted to renew the attack, but one or two of the party, rather more sober than the rest, seized him and the thoughtless speaker, who had half-jestingly insulted him, and forcibly led him from the room.

"Come, come, Joddrell," said Vincent, "a joke's a joke, you know; he will apologize to-morrow.

"Forget it, old fellow, forget it, and all will be right to-morrow.

"There's my trap at the door; let's be off, and leave the rest to take care of themselves."

Joddrell was sobered by the fresh air.

His brain had not lost its perceptions even in the middle of that insane revel, and he knew perfectly well both the extent of the insult that had been offered both to himself and his wife, and the vindication of both that it would be incumbent on him to demand on the morrow.

Philip did not reply till they had both got into the mail phaeton, and Vincent gathering up the reins of the spirited horses, which the groom could with difficulty hold till the young men were seated, they dashed off at full speed, under the beams of a brilliant harvest moon.

"Vincent," said Philip, in a calm low voice, in which no trace of intoxication could be perceived, "you heard what was said.

"You know, of course, the consequences that must follow.

"You will be my friend, will you not?"

"My dear fellow, I do entreat you to wait till all our hands are clear," replied the young man.

"I confess it was coarsely said; but you know what Proctor is—a brainless fool at the best, and the wine had shaken out what poor remnants of wit he has.

"It would be worse than idiocy to notice such a chattering baboon."

"It was said, and said before others," replied Philip, "and my wife's name cannot be mentioned in such a scene, and in such a manner, without dishonor to her husband, if it is not resented in the only way left to me.

"Unless he makes a full and public apology, and recantation of his words, there can be but one alternative; and if he blows my brains out, so much the better."

Vincent looked compassionately at his friend.

He was perhaps better acquainted with his meaning than any other of that wild, restless set would have been.

He had been a guest of Joddrell Court more than once since Philip's marriage, and had formed a pretty shrewd idea of the state of matters.

"My dear Joddrell," he said, "there are few things that can warrant the risking of life or the taking away of life; but I promise you I will stand your friend in every respect—your true friend I mean—should it be necessary, on the morrow.

"But let it stand over till then; I don't pretend that my own brain is the clearest, though I believe I took less than any of you; and this old rascal takes as much of my attention as I have got brains for just now."

Vincent's was not altogether a kindly ruse, for the spirited animals he drove showed symptoms of unusual restiveness, and as they approached more frequented and habited roads, started and tossed their heads, and gave plain proof that they intended to take the game out of their master's hands.

In vain the reins were tightened; Vincent leant so far back, that his hat fell off; still the frantic horses sped on.

The mile-posts were swiftly passed, but Philip could barely see them as the carriage dashed by.

On, on they rushed!

Philip seized the reins, to help Vincent's failing strength; but his own grasp was nerveless and uncertain.

Bareheaded, and with heavy drops of perspiration streaming from his face, Vincent swore, and jerked, and pulled the reins.

On went the high-mettled steeds, now swerving to this side of the road and now to that, till, as they approached the gates of a pretty villa, which stood white and glistening in the clear moonlight, they made a sudden plunge, and darted with frantic terror at the glittering pile.

The wheels struck, the carriage tilted, then came down again with a sudden motion, that once more restored it to its level.

Once more they rushed on, with their master still clinging bravely to his post, the reins still unbroken, and firmly grasped in his half unconscious but resolute hold.

But he was now alone.

Philip had been thrown out with the shock, and left senseless and helpless at the foot of the gates.

* * * * * *

It was midnight, but Kate Holder was still up, seated at the window of her room, watching the moon as she took her calm way through the heavens.

A strange restlessness had come over her that kept her from retiring at her usual hour, though all in the house but herself had long been at rest.

The young girl was indeed changed from her girlish brightness at the ball where we first saw her.

The one great trial of woman's life had been on her—the trial of a love unacknowledged even to herself, yet pressing with a vague, half-crushed, aching burden at her heart.

She would not foster the strange depression that weighed on her like a veil, and yet it had worked its softening, maturing effect on her nature, ripening her feelings, her very expression of face, and turning her mind and thoughts to higher channels than the gaiety of her age and nature would have dictated.

Kate, however, was no love-sick maiden.

She would have scorned the idea of cherishing aught save cousinly love for the husband of another, and that other a girl whom, however lovely, she knew to be utterly unworthy of the noble heart she had won.

It was all the more ennobling in its influence, from the absence of any selfish or weak indulgence in a girlish, unrequited attachment, any yielding to a false and morbid sentiment.

And Mrs. Holder, like the noble, judicious woman and mother that she was, had looked on and watched her daughter's struggles, and the change that was gradually taking place, and aided her by her increased tenderness, her watchful care, and the indirect sympathy and counsel that she gave from time to time, to encourage and strengthen her efforts.

Kate felt and appreciated the delicate, unobtrusive kindness, and was grateful for the blessing she enjoyed in such a mother's love; still there were moments when a weary sadness oppressed her, and memories of days gone by, and unselfish fears for Philip's happiness, and irresistible imaginings of what her fate might be, came over her like a torrent, carrying in its course all obstacles that reason and womanly feeling and pride could oppose to its sudden rush on her heart.

The evening of the revel of which we have spoken was one of those seasons of irresistible, unsought memory, and desolate anticipations of the future.

It seemed impossible to sleep with this feverish restlessness burnings in her veins; so she put on a dressing-wrapper and opened the window to admit the cool air, when the clatter of horses' hoofs, the rattling collision against the gate, and the cries of the alarmed and distressed Vincent as the carriage resumed its headlong course, struck harshly on her ear.

Kate leant from the window, saw the phaeton dash on with Vincent still sitting on its cushions, and trusted the evening stillness had exaggerated the noise, and that nothing really serious had happened.

But the barking of the dogs, the indistinct sound of groans, then the deathlike stillness, made her heart beat with apprehension.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TAKING EXTREME MEASURES—A young poet of New York had offered a voluminous manuscript to a publisher, and had had to wait week after week for his decision. At last the 27th of October was fixed, when the editor promised to inform the poet whether he should accept his work or not. On the morning of that day the young author went with anxious heart to meet his fate, to be told, alas, for the twentieth time that the publisher had not found time to read the volume of poems. On the evening of the same day, the publisher sat in his office when the poet entered with two of his friends, and while the latter bound the bookseller firmly in his armchair, the poet read aloud his work from beginning to end. This act of violence did not, of course, lead to the acceptance of the manuscript.

Scientific and Useful.

SOLDER FOR GERMAN SILVER.—German silver five parts, tin four parts.

PAPER SHUTTERS.—The latest invention made of paper is window shutters, as a safeguard against fire. It can be made fireproof and water-proof, and with these three desirable qualities attained, there seems nothing in the way of its general adoption.

TO MARK TOOLS.—Cover the part to be marked with a thin coating of tallow or beeswax. Then, with a sharp instrument, write the name in the tallow, cutting nearly into it. Then fill in the letters with nitric acid. Let it remain from one to twenty minutes. Then dip it in water and rub off, and you will have the mark etched.

A PERFECT SHOE.—The first obstacle to a reform in the shape of a shoe lies in the shape of new lasts, an expense that shoemakers are naturally, loth to incur. Fashion has also its lasts, and shoemakers consider themselves bound to conform to the prevailing mode. A test of a perfect pair of shoes is that, when placed together, they should touch only at the toes and the heels; the soles should follow the sinuosities of the feet, and to give room for their expansion should exceed them in length very slightly.

THE SUN'S FORCE.—One of the most interesting computations which have engaged the attention of scientists, is that relating to the amount of force imparted to the earth by the sun's heat. According to some of the French investigations compared with the work done by a given amount of heat, as utilized in a steam engine, it would appear that the heat sent to the earth in the sun's rays during the space of one minute, is equal to the accomplishment of as much work as would be done by 2,000 steam engines of 100 horse-power each, working continuously for the space of 4,000 years.

SKELETON LEAVES.—A correspondent of Knowledge gives these directions for preparing skeleton leaves: Take a large saucepan of cold water, and a piece of scrubbing soap four inches square, cut into small slices. Gather mature leaves, seed-vessels, etc., put some soap into the water, then a layer of leaves one by one, then more soap, then leaves and so on. Put on a lid, set the pan by the side of a fire, and let it simmer. After an hour take out a few leaves, and try them between the thumb and finger; if the pulp separates readily from the fibre, remove them from the fire; if not let, the pan remain. Some leaves, such as ivy, orange, etc., are done in an hour or two; others of a tougher fibre take half a day. Seed vessels of mallow or campanula take a short time. Large poppy or stramonium requires perhaps two days. Now lay a leaf upon a plate, under a tap of running water, and beat it with sharp strokes with a hard brush—say a tooth brush; the green matter will run off with the water. When the skeleton is quite clean, dry it upon blotting paper.

Farm and Garden.

FOWLS.—Fowls that roost out in trees are less likely to be attacked with cold and roup that those that occupy poorly ventilated houses at night. But ventilation must be secured without subjecting the birds to direct draughts of wind.

BULBS.—The best treatment for hyacinth bulbs after flowering in pots in the house is to put the ball of earth in which the bulb remains in the garden for the summer. Here the bulb will regain some of the strength expended from the forcing in the house, and will multiply from year to year.

DEEP CULTIVATION.—In Algiers a deep, steam cultivation is considered by the French agriculturists as the equivalent of half an irrigation. The ground in a sort of sponge, and absorbs the heavy dews to such an extent that it withstands the parching sun, and each night renews the moisture, while the shallow-ploughed soil is effectually dried early in the season.

FRUIT TREES.—The importance of properly thinning out fruit trees when bearing redundant crops is yearly more and more apparent. To produce fruit that commands a good price in market it has become an absolute necessity. This is seen especially in that intended for exportation, apples of good size fair and properly packed commanding in the English market fully double the price of those which had not received such care.

MURIATE OF POTASH.—Muriate of potash is so strong that unless it is very evenly distributed there is danger of injuring the crops. Whether it is to be used as a top dressing of meadows or no ploughed land it is always safer and advantageous to mix it thoroughly with four or five times its weight of dry muck or soil previous to application. All potash salts should be applied as early in the season as possible, that the spring rains may diffuse them through the soil. Three to four hundred pounds should be used per acre.

COMFORTABLE BARNS.—It is wisdom to always keep stock in a thriving condition. It is wisdon to economize in the quantity of food fed, so that the desired condition can be maintained with the least expenditure of food. For this purpose a tight barn is requisite. The interest on the cost of maintaining a close boarding and a warm cattle compartment amount to far less than the cost of maintaining the animal heat against the cold of outside winds and storms and the chills of night through the consumption of hay and grain. A warm barn counterveils many an error of system in feeding.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 28, 1868.

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THE DEPARTED.

To consider the nature and tendencies of the desire, on the part of the living, to perpetuate the recollection of the dead, we have only to enter the precincts of any graveyard, situate whether in towns or in the country. What fond affectionate attempts, in the shape of tombstones and monuments, with inscriptions carved upon them, to preserve from oblivion the names of the dead, meet the eye there! How numerous; and, occasionally at least, how touching and significant, in the tales they tell, and in the records which they express, are these memorials seen to be!

Scarcely can we find the individual, whose lot in life was so obscure, that his surviving relatives have not been anxious, in some way or other, to mark out the spot where his remains were interred, that future generations might know that such an individual once existed, once partook both of the joys and sorrows of mortality; those two periods of his personal history, the most important, perhaps, in the estimation of friendship and attachment—when he began to live, and when he ceased to do so—being, for the most part, noted down with scrupulous, and, we may add, with tender exactness.

It may sometimes happen, indeed, that among these emblems of a fond, but still a vain and unavailing regard, inscriptions will occur which, by their quaintness and singularity, have a tendency to provoke a smile, rather than to elicit a tear; yet, generally speaking, a strain of pious respect for the memory of the dead, and of unaffected sorrow for his loss, mingled with serious admonition to the living, and the fervent expression of that religious faith and hope, in which the person who is the subject of them, lived and died, runs through them all; and with a voice, as it were, from the tomb, addresses the living in lessons of the soundest practical wisdom.

All this affecting scene of things—for, when rightly considered, it is affecting—has its origin in the same common feeling of our nature, the desire of the living to perpetuate the names of those who, when dead and gone, with whom, by the ties of blood or of friendship, they were connected, and to soothe and assuage the sense of sorrow for the loss of departed friends, by every tribute of posthumous honor in their power. But not only this. It also seems as though the tomb, and these visible marks, were but a stopping-place—a shrine where those left behind might rest their prayer, while waiting and hoping for their realization in the other world.

SANCTUM CHAT.

MR. WINANS of Baltimore, pays $75,000 a year for a vast tract of deer forests extending from one side of Scotland to the other. Not content with this, he has just leased another estate, and has brought suit against the owner for failing to eject the shepherds and crofters who are on it.

—

THE municipality of Paris has instituted a small reform which is well worthy of imitation in this city. On one of the newest Parisian boulevards—that of St. Germain—each lamp-post is labeled in every case, with the number of the house opposite to which it stands. This number is inscribed on two enameled plates, which are fitted back to back, just under the light, so as to be legible by night as well as by day. Any one who has had to ring a door-bell at random, in sparsely settled streets, in order to inquire about a certain number, will appreciate the convenience of such a simple plan as this.

—

MISS NIGHTINGALE says the mental state of the dying depends on their physical condition. As a rule, in acute cases, interest in their own danger is rarely felt. Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera, peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, often die in a state approaching despair. In dysentery or fever the patient often dies in a state of indifference. On the battle field the expression on the faces of those who have died of gunshot wounds is one of agony, while the dead by swords have a calmer look. A rapid death by steel is almost painless, the nerves are divided so quickly, while a bullet lacerates.

—

GREAT excitement was caused at Reading, in England, the other day, by the grand open-air demonstration of the Salvation Army. The procession was headed by eleven girls, dressed in the style of Italian peasants, carrying tambourines, with which they accompanied the singing; one of them, who had been lately turned out of doors because she joined the "Army," caused a great deal of notice by wearing a large white pinafore, upon which was written a text of Scripture. The feeling shown throughout the service was intense. The singing was accompanied by a piano, harp, cornets, trombones, drums, and fifes.

—

THE great question between the farming and mining interests of California will soon come before the Federal Court for solution. There is a very bitter feeling among the miners toward the farming interests in the valleys which are endeavoring to prevent the filling up of the streams by the washings of the miners which is now going on at a rapid rate. It is said that 60,000 cubic yards of debris are daily deposited in Yuba river. The matter is far more perplexing than the Chinese question, and vast interests are at stake on both sides. If hydraulic mining goes on in the old way, navigable streams will be made useless for such purposes, and a large area of productive valley land destroyed. If mining industries are arrested, large sums invested in these mines will be as good as wiped out.

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AMONG the other grievances of the fair sex in England the legal rule that "man" in acts of Parliament includes both sexes when it inflicts punishment, but is limited to the male sex when it confers privileges, has long held a prominent place. It would seem, however, that the rule is not invariable, and according to a decision of the Pontefract magistrate, it would seem that women can indulge in poaching with impunity. The daughter of a notorious poacher was caught coming from the fields with all the paraphernalia of the craft concealed on her person. Her solicitor secured her release by contending that as the act referred solely to men, a woman could not be punished under its provisions. This decision opens a new field of profitable industry to women; and, if it should be upheld, the male poacher would not become as extinct as the dodo.

—

TOTAL abstinence advocates have something to encourage them in the decrease of beer-drinking in England. Whatever be the reason for it, that there has been a diminution of late is an accepted fact. The Inland Revenue Commissioners, considerably astonished by the extent to which their receipts in the last fiscal year fell below the estimates, went about to find the cause of the deficiency. They were informed by several great brewers in London that, notwithstanding the increase of population, their business was declining. The Commissioners hold the dissemination of temperance doctrines to be a principal explanation of the circumstance. Within a year thirty or forty companies have been formed in various places to open and carry on coffee houses, and over 100 establishments of this kind, some of them very large, have been opened in the metropolis.

—

Two well-known ministers were talking together about their sermons, and the general effect of their preaching. One of them accused the other of preaching too long, and of being too fond of using big words. The brother thus accused defended himself as best he could, and said that he spoke within the comprehension of his auditors. His accuser bade him read the first page of a sermon, taken at random from the large block tin box in which he kept them. On hearing the page read, he said, "Well, suppose we translate that into English." The owner of the sermon was indignant, believing as he did, that his "good English" was as good as it could be made. But the other took the manuscript and marked out all the long words, and put shorter ones in their places. Then he reconstructed two or three sentences, and made them so that almost anybody could understand them. The result of this trimming and pruning carried throughout the sermon was that the manuscript which was gauged to occupy forty minutes in its delivery was cut down so that it could be delivered in thirty minutes. There are many able ministers who could profitably take a hint from this. Some of them wonder why their congregations are so small, and so sleepy while the preaching is going on, and so relieved and happy when it is done.

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KEEP clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer a true and honest man." But when there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And, as far as possible, dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up character, goes forward. They are not pleasant places by any means. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table.

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IT is a common fallacy among the general public that it must be a very difficult matter to find news to fill each day's paper. So far from this being the case, the ingenuity of editors and sub-editors is continually on the stretch to find space for even a selection of the most important news at their disposal. In the office of a leading daily newspaper there is often more matter thrown into the waste-baskets, or struck out of manuscripts, than would suffice to fill the paper; while interesting telegrams, for which not only the post-office, but the correspondents who have sent them, will have to be paid, are consigned to the same receptacle almost every night, simply because it is impossible to find a corner for them. The calculations of the editor, moreover, are liable to be upset in a hundred different ways. Some great crisis, storm, crime, or disaster occurs, or an important debate suddenly arises in Congress, or some great man dies, or there is an extraordinary and unexpected influx of advertisements—perhaps a combination of these—and all the arrangements of the office are correspondingly disturbed.

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A WRITER in a New York paper says one way in which women are overworked by their own fault—a sin of ignorance frequently—is in the use of foolish clothing. We are all more or less in bondage here, for woman's dress is radically wrong. It is a weight and a hindrance everywhere. Clothing devised to suit the needs of the human body would be much more easily made and taken care of, and it would give a woman freer movement, greater ease and comfort about her work and play, and would be an aid to good health, rather than, as now, a drag upon her strength. But a genuine reform cannot be made by any one woman, for it awaits the development of public opinion. But cannot we all lend a hand here, and say on all proper occasions that woman's dress is absurd, inconvenient, unhealthful, and that we wish for something better? Most of us can put less work and care upon our trimmings, and none of us need wear a trained skirt, or one that touches the floor. We may all wear loose and warm clothing, and bear the weight upon our shoulders rather than over our hips. Various female weaknesses are supposed to be caused by active labor, by much standing upon the feet, by much climbing of stairs, in the pursuit of one's daily industry. They may be aggravated by these causes after they have been once induced, but I have serious doubts whether these weaknesses are often really attributable to the causes above named. Corsets and heavy skirts are the real offenders. It is usually the case that the same work might have been done had the muscles of the body been left free and unweighted by the clothing. How many feathers' weight are added to her burden of toil and worry by a woman's long skirts, as she goes about her household duties, or cleaning the floors in an unsuitable dress?

AT THE GATE.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

The cloudlets in the sky went floating by,
And fairy zephyrs glided,
The tinted leaves of brown came rustling down,
And whisp'ring winds confided.

The flying birds were free to sing in glee,
And answ'ring song awaken;
The golden setting sun, the bees sweet hum,
And blooms by fruit o'ertaken.

Fair Maggie at the gate had come to wait,
Where doves were softly cooing,
Her blushing cheeks belie when words deny
The tale of love's first wooing.

The sun goes down at last, the day is past,
The shades of night are blending,
And twinkling from afar come star by star,
Their light to darkness lending.

But through the peaceful still doubts bitter thrill
O'er Maggie's heart is stealing:
Vain tryst—ah! soon or late, life's watchword, "wait"
Doth blight the purest feeling.

O, Maggie, hope is thine—full soon will shine
To-morrow's sun—but never
Will loving be so sweet, or trust complete:
Doubt once is doubting ever.

Again the birds will soar just as before,
Soft zephyrs will fan the sky,
But ne'er returns the waif of youth's lost faith,
Which, slighted, can only die.

Sweet Maggie, dry thine eye; that quiv'ring sigh
Is womanhoods first token:
By youth's fair limpid stream, hearts learn to dream,
By "waiting" they are broken.

A Mysterious Message.

BY ARION.

I WAS only a junior telegraph clerk at the time, and it seemed to me I was about to take an important step in life, when notice came from headquarters that I, Philip East, was to be transferred from Easby to Welby Junction, with an addition of considerable a year to my previous salary.

And, indeed, my unexpected promotion seemed something to be jubilant about, for I was in love with pretty Lucy Graham, the daughter of the station-master at Easby, and now our marriage seemed by no means so hazy a dream of the future as we had been compelled to regard it.

My coadjutor in the Welby office was named Marlow.

He was considerably older than myself, and was, in fact, my senior officer.

He was a quiet, bookish man, very fond of botanizing in his leisure hours; he and I never had a wrong word during the whole time we worked together.

Our periods of duty were divided into two "spells" of nine hours each.

The office was closed from midnight till six A. M., we took a week of early and late duty alternately.

The chairman of the railway company was Sir Felix Drum, of Tenfield House, three and a half miles from Welby.

My cousin, Ralph Merilon, was tutor to the two sons of Sir Felix, and it was through his influence that the baronet gave me my appointment.

Sir Felix, who was said never to forget a face, did not fail to favor me with a nod and smile whenever he encountered me on the platform.

After I got settled at Welby, I often walked over to Tenfield House for a few moments pleasant chat with Merilon.

Lucy and I were not long in finding out that we were by no means so completely separated from each other as at one time we feared we should be.

Lucy was the first to make the discovery.

As I was sitting in the office one evening between nine and ten o'clock, with nothing more important to do than smoke my pipe and read my book, the bell of the instrument gave the signal that I was wanted.

I put down my book, rose with a yawn, and then saw that Easby station was signalling me.

I gave the requisite "All right" return signal, and then waited with my eye on the instrument to note down the message.

As I spelt it off letter by letter and word by word, I could scarcely believe the evidence of my eyes.

"Telegraph clerk Philip East to receive a month's notice for general incompetence and persistent smoking while on duty. Oh, tell me sweet, and tell me true, if you love me as I love you."

The message ended with a loud and long ringing of the bell.

For a moment or two I was utterly bewildered.

What madman could have obtained access to the instrument at Easby?

A minute later a sudden light struck me, and I laughed aloud at my stupidity.

Seizing the handle of the instrument, I gave the return signal to Easby, and then flashed the following reply:

"Wherever I be, on land or sea, my heart still fondly turns to thee."

With lightning speed came the following answer—

"Excellent as a sentiment, but indifferent poetry.

"You darling old stupid, how are you?"

It was even so.

Miss Lucy had purloined the key of the telegraph office from her father's room after the telegraph clerk had left for the night.

Easby being a place of very minor importance, the office was closed at nine o'clock.

It was I who had taught Lucy the use of the instrument in those sweet courting days at the little country station, and she had now put her knowledge to a use such as neither of us had ever dreamt of at the time.

After that night Lucy and I did not fail to avail ourselves of this mode of communication.

She knew the hours when I was on duty, and also the times when there was the least likelihood of our being interrupted by business messages.

Happy days!

But it is now time to introduce you to Mr. Wix.

Abel Wix was a tall, thin, wiry-looking man, between forty and fifty, with short-cut iron grey hair and long whiskers.

Marlow told me he had come as a stranger to Welby some three or four months before my arrival there, and had taken for a term a small furnished cottage, with its garden and coach-house, in the outskirts of the town.

He had an old woman for housekeeper, with a girl to help her, and a sharp lad to look after his pony and trap, and seemed to be an independent man.

He was in the habit of sending strange telegrams at times, and thus I became acquainted, and, in fact, quite confidential with him.

Christmas was close at hand, when, one afternoon while I was busy at the instrument, Mr. Chubb, the Welby superintendent of police, strolled into the office, as he had a habit of doing at odd times; he was a smart, dapper little man of middle age.

The superintendent nodded to me, drew a chair to the fire, and sat down to warm his hands.

He did not care to interrupt me while I was taking down a message.

"By Jove! another funny telegram for Mr. Wix," said I, as I jumped off my stool.

"Eh, what's that?" asked Mr. Chubb, quickly, as he turned and faced me.

"Pray what do you know about Mr. Wix?"

"Oh, not much, except that we have more curious messages for him than for any one else in Welby.

"When a gentleman is connected with the Turf, he naturally does get queer messages."

"And pray who told you, that Wix is connected with the Turf?"

"He told me so himself."

And I related to him all about an afternoon at Holly Cottage.

He listened attentively.

"Now what do you think, sir?" I asked.

"What I think is, that Mr. Wix was throwing dust in your eyes, and laughing at you in his sleeve at the same time," he said.

I handed him the telegram: he fixed his double eyeglass on his nose, and read it through with much deliberation.

The message which had puzzled me so much ran as under—

"From Baker, Bolton, to Wix, Welby.—Tinker leaves by eight P. M. train to-morrow. Hurry up and have everything in readiness. The least delay will spoil all. X. returns on Thursday with lot of friends."

"I shall feel much obliged if you will allow me to take a copy of this document," said Mr. Chubb, gazing over the rim of his eyeglasses.

Seeing that I hesitated, he hastened to add—

"I may just whisper to you—but it must be a secret between you me and the post—that I've had my eye on our good friend Wix for some little time past.

"There's something about him that I can't make out, and I shan't rest satisfied till I do so.

"In any case, I'll take a copy of this telegram, and I'll be on the look-out when the eight o'clock from Bolton reaches Welby to-morrow evening.

"I'm anxious know whether Mr. Tinker will turn out to be anyone with whom I am acquainted."

* * * * * *

The clock was striking ten the next evening as I strolled slowly down the platform.

It was nine minutes past ten when Mr. Wix walked through the entrance hall to the platform.

Had he come to meet his friend Tinker?

On that point there could be little doubt.

Mr. Chubb was not visible, and I did not let Mr. Wix see me.

In a little while the train came in.

A few passengers got out, and one walked hurriedly up to Mr. Wix and shook him by the hand.

He was a tall, dark, saturnine-looking man, with a black beard and spectacles, and he was dressed as a clergyman, with a white cravat, a soft felt hat, and a long overcoat.

In one hand he carried a black leather bag, which seemed to contain something heavy.

The two men talked hurriedly together for a minute or two, and then turned and walked down the platform.

I stole out of my hiding-place and followed cautiously.

They bent their steps toward the refreshment-room, pushed open the swing-doors, and went in.

I followed.

They entered one of three little compartments, and I took that next them.

My suspicions were aroused.

The friends conversed in low tones, so that it was impossible for me even to guess the subject of their conversation.

Of such fragments of their talk as did reach my ears I could make nothing.

"Must be done to-night."

"Too late to-morrow."

After that came more muttering conversation, and then a sound as of a sheet of paper being torn up.

"Drink up, it's time to be off," I then heard Mr. Wix say, and a few seconds later the two men emerged from their compartment.

The collar of my coat was turned up as though I were a traveler, and I was in the act of drinking a cup of coffee as they passed out.

Whether or not they took the trouble to glance into my compartment I had no means of knowing.

The moment I heard the swing doors close I turned to follow them.

Happening to glance at the fireplace as I crossed the room, I saw a crushed-up ball of paper, which had just been caught by the flames.

Instinct told me that this was the paper which I had heard being torn up a minute previously.

It was the work of a moment to snatch it out of the flames and press my foot on it till the last spark was smothered.

Then stuffing the charred remains into my coat pocket, I hurried after the two men.

They were no longer to be seen.

The train had gone on its way by this time, and only a few stragglers were left on the platform.

I walked into the parcel room and examined the paper.

I recognized it at once; it was a plan of the residence of Sir Felix Drum.

But of what possible use could such a plan be, either to Mr. Wix or his friend?

I was lost in a maze of conjectures.

It seemed to me at length that the best thing I could do would be to walk as far as the police-station and hunt up the superintendent, who might have forgotten all about it.

Accordingly, I put the plan in my pocket and set off.

Just outside the station I encountered a policeman.

"Can you tell me where I shall be likely to find Mr. Chubb?" I asked.

"Mr. Chubb is in London.

"He was called up by a telegram this afternoon."

Here was a dilemma.

The telegram must have been received just after I had gone off duty, otherwise I should have known of it.

What to do next I knew not.

I began to suspect robbery.

Would not the best plan be to hasten to Tenfield House and seek an interview with Sir Felix?

When once I had laid the facts before him, the responsibility of further action would be shifted from my shoulders to his.

Evidently the course I ought to take lay clear before me.

I went at once.

Sir Felix Drum and his wife were away.

I told what I had discovered to Maxwell and the butler Binns.

They instantly summoned the men servants, and lay in wait for the expected burglars.

The lights were now put out as though all had retired to rest, but while we waited thus in silence and darkness, the minutes seemed to pass slowly indeed, but in reality no long time had elapsed before I heard certain sounds outside.

Silent as a shadow I crept to the door and gave a low "Hist" in the corridor outside.

Binns was by my side in a moment.

A whispered word in his ear, and the other men were called to the point of danger.

By this time the fastenings of the window had yielded to the force brought to bear on them, and now the heavy sash was pushed up slowly and gently from without.

Presently a man vaulted noiselessly over the low window-sill into the room; an instant later he was followed by a second man.

Now came Binns's signal.

One note of a whistle and we were out of our hiding-places and had our men by the throat, two of us to one of them.

Binns threw the light of a dark lantern on their face.

Mr. Wix and Mr. Tinker, and no one but they, only the latter no longer wore his white tie and clerical coat.

"I suppose I have to thank you for this?" said Mr. Wix vindictively, the moment he recognized me.

We kept our prisoners company in Binns's sitting-room till break of day, when they were conveyed in a light cart to Welby police station.

Great was the consternation and astonishment of Sir Felix when he arrived from London in the course of the day and heard the narrative of the faithful Binns.

The telegram which had summoned Superintendent Chubb to London was a false one.

It had doubtless been concocted by the prisoners or their confederates to get the lynx-eyed little man out of the way.

Mr. Wix and his men turned out to be members of one of a most dangerous and skilful gang of burglars, who had agents in nearly every large town, and whose main object was to plunder mansions of family plate, jewelry, and other valuables.

It is only needful to say further of these two that their personal liberty was strictly curtailed for several years to come.

Previous to the trial one of the footmen disappeared suddenly from Tenfield House and was seen no more.

Was it possible that he was in any way mixed up with the gang of burglars, and that it was he who had supplied them with the plan of the house?

A question this, which has no likelihood of being answered.

* * * * * *

Not many months elapsed before I found myself appointed to a situation just double the value of the one at Welby.

This was due to the influence of Sir Felix Drum, whose kindness did not end there.

Thus it fell out that, thanks to Mr. Wix's Mysterious Message, Lucy and I were enabled to get married long before we had dared to hope it.

Good for Something.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

"I AM much pleased," said Mrs. Stevenson knitting away at a red tidy vigorously, "with the prospects of my children—that is, of all but Nan.

"She is the one great trouble of my life."

And stately, handsome Mrs. Stevenson sighed sadly, and glanced across the room at sympathizing aunt Mary.

"I know she's a little wild, but it may be——"

"No, no; the case is utterly hopeless.

"She cares nothing for books, music, drawing, or even fancy work; prefers to run after your Jack, over the fields and hills; actually asked her father to make her a present of a gun, to go shooting with.

"She climbs trees, tears her dresses, rides colts, and oh! torments the life out of us with her outlandish behavior, and she is very nearly fifteen.

"Now, Rose and Marie are making splendid progress.

"Rose has quite a taste for drawing, and Marie for music.

"Charley, as you know, is at college.

"It is very expensive, but our children must be educated, though papa grumbles fearfully over the bills, and I am sure the dears try to be economical."

Just then a merry whistle was heard in the lower hall, followed by a wild race up the stairs, and the parlor door was flung open with a bang, while a great Newfoundland dog entered, followed by a brown-skinned, brown-haired maiden, just creeping into womanhood—and very much against her will, too.

"See, mamma! Rover's collar—isn't he a beauty?

"Oh, aunt Mary, I beg your pardon: I did not see you."

"Nan!" exclaimed her mother pettishly, "how rude you are.

"Don't let that great brute come near me.

"Really, your conduct is scandalous!"

And the lady drew her silken skirts aside, fearful of the dog's damp feet.

The young girl stood sullenly in the doorway, looking hurt and disappointed.

She had woven a collar of red and white clover for her really beautiful pet, and fancied her mother might admire it.

"Nan, do send that dreadful creature downstairs, and change that gingham dress.

"You look like a servant.

"How trying you are!"

And Rose Stevenson, who had just entered, gave the above admonition with a resigned sigh of something very like despair, as she glided gracefully forward, clad in the softest, cloudiest of white robes, with clusters of rosebuds in her silken braids and on her breast.

She was pretty, and no mistake, very nearly beautiful, only the ill-humor displayed the sweetness of her face.

"You are all as cross as two sticks to-day. Come, Rover, let us be off."

And away they flew down the stairs, pell-mell, with such violence that, although Nan did perceive the stylish-looking gentleman at the front door, she could not check her headlong speed in time to prevent a collision and, to her deep mortification, they came in such violent contact as to send him staggering back down the steps, while his glossy silk hat went rolling down the walk.

With a face like a peony, Nan snatched up the displaced hat, and said humbly, contritely:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was very rude. I am so sorry."

"Oh," said the stranger, smiling provokingly down in her mortified face with annoying coolness.

"I have a card I would like you take to your master," he continued, handing her the card.

At the word master, Nan's self-possession returned; it was a good joke, and he was a prime fellow to take the reception she gave him so coolly; so, after leaving him seated in the drawing-room, she ran upstairs and knocked at her father's study.

"Papa! papa! are you ill?" she cried, seeing how white and wan he looked when she gave him the card.

"No, pet; only tired of striving after all this style, that costs us almost our souls," he sighed despondently.

"So am I, papa. Oh, how I wish they wouldn't!

"How I do wish you could live more humbly; it's wearing your life out, dear papa.

"Cannot I do something to help you?

"I'm not bright, I know, not at all clever like Rose and Marie, but I would like to try."

Her father only smiled fondly on her

earnest face, and bade her show the gentleman up."

And while the gentleman was closeted with her father, Nan and her dog went out in the pretty grove behind the mansion, not with a rush, but soberly and very sedately.

"I cannot understand what mamma is thinking of; I am not at all brilliant in figures, but I can add and substract, and I know we are spending two hundred a-year more than our income.

"Where or how papa gets it I cannot tell.

"Oh, Rover, if we only could help him!"

And she laid her brown cheek against Rover's shaggy neck, thinking gravely and deeply.

Suddenly a strange brightness came over her face, and rising, she hurried into the house and donned a neat walking costume, and passed out of the grounds and down the hill until she could hail a passing omnibus, and was soon on her way to the busy city.

* * * * * *

The great merchant looked up in much surprise, as he perceived and recognized the young girl who had entered his private office.

"Well, Miss Nannie, is it really you?

"I am greatly honored indeed, but very busy.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Mr. King, I know you are one of papa's friends, and he—I—I want to do something to help him.

"Oh, please, Mr. King, I am very much in earnest."

The merchant looked gravely and sympathizingly down in her by no means uninteresting face, over which the warm color came and went, and his good heart felt and understood it all, better than she dreamed possible, as he said kindly—

"Yes, my dear, I understand you.

"Sit down, and let us see what you can do."

* * * * * *

"Nan going to school?

"Wonders will never cease;" and Rose laughed in scornful surprise.

"Let her go.

"She may learn a little refinement and common sense."

And every morning Nan went to the city, and the members of the family were too busy with their own individual affairs to trouble themselves as to her studies or progress, looking upon it as a freak that would soon end.

But ere many months a sorrow came upon them—many sorrows, we might say.

The kind indulgent father passed away, and his affairs were found in fearful confusion; the elegant home even was mortgaged up to its highest value.

It was then that Wild Nan began to prove her worth.

It was she who saved some plain furniture, and sought out a cheap little home for the broken-hearted family, and had them removed there.

"But how are we to live?" wailed her mother, as she viewed her new surroundings.

"Who will support us?"

"I will," said Nan.

"You!" cried her mother and sisters in chorus.

"Yes," affirmed Nan.

"I have been engaged in Mr. King's warehouse all these months and days when you fancied me at school, and I am now offered an increase of wages."

And when it was all explained they were dumfounded.

"We have been selfish, idle and wicked to let Nan bear it all, and never to realize what was coming.

"Marie, your music and my drawing lessons must now be turned to account" said Rose bravely.

"Poor dear little Nan!" pleaded her mother.

"How we have misjudged you."

And, for the first time during all their trials, Nan dared to lay her head on her mother's breast and weep away a portion of her heart-ache.

In a few days came a letter from their absent son, a cheerful, manly letter, stating that he had secured a position at fair wages, the half of which he would endeavor to send home.

A year crept by—a busy, happy, earnest year.

At its close Nan—now a tall, lovely maiden, with the bravest, sweetest of brown eyes and abundant brown hair, and soft white creamy complexion, from which all the tan had vanished—entered Mr. Child's office—not to pay their rent, but to purchase the cottage where they lived.

It was the same handsome gentleman she had so nearly run over one morning long ago who rose to greet her with a pleased smile.

"Buy the cottage for your mamma, if you wish, dear Nannie, but as for you, your old home awaits your coming whenever you will—that is, if you can love its present owner well enough to be his wife."

And it would be very hard to recognize Wild Nan in the lovely, staid matron who queens it in the old beautiful home.

But her husband knows it is the same, and caresses tenderly the shaggy head of old Rover, who is almost blind, and on whose neck her little boys and girls weave collars of red and white clover, and endeavor to make him mingle in their races; but he has grown lazy, and like best to creep up close to the side of his long-loved mistress and fall asleep.

Her Relations.

BY C. H.

I HOPE, my dear, you won't object to John's folks?" said the bride, timidly.

"John's folks?" repeated the tall, black-eyed young man, who had just been made happy, and was now sitting beside Mrs. Frederic Fane, in the railroad train steaming towards Hastings, which was their nearest station to Laurel Farm.

"Not in the least, my love. Why should I object to them?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Frederic Fane.

"Some people do, you know.

"But of course it seems hard to turn them out, after all these years, and——"

"Stop half a minute, my dear," said Mr. Fane.

"I am not quite sure that I understand you.

"Who are John's folks?

"And who, if I may take the liberty to ask, is John?"

Mrs. Fane turned pink, and looked hesitatingly down at her bead-bordered pocket-handkerchief, as if uncertain whether a tear or two would not be appropriate.

"Oh, Fred, said she, "what a question!

"Just think a moment.

"And of course they always expected to have a home with me."

"Oh!" said Mr. Fane, making up his lips into a whistling position, as he remembered that Mrs. Fane's first husband had been named John Quincy Adams Larkins.

"Yes, I comprehend. Are there many of 'em, my dear?"

"Well," hesitated Lilias, again coloring, "there's John's stepfather—a dear old gentleman, but a little peculiar. He's an escaped Mormon——"

"A what?" said Mr. Fane.

"A Mormon," explained the bride.

"He joined the community, and then he didn't like them as well as he thought he should, so he ran away and married John's mother.

"And after she died, nothing could induce him to leave the scenes endeared by her presence."

"Ah!" said Fane. "A sentimental old party."

"He's very agreeable," added Lilias, "if only you will let him have his own way in everything."

"Do you know, my dear, that is a characteristic which I have observed in others?" gravely remarked Mr. Fane.

"Then there's aunt Grace," went on Lilias.

"She's an excellent housekeeper—in fact, she is cleaning nearly all the time.

"It does get a little uncomfortable now and then; but it's aunt Grace's way, and so I put up with it.

"And John's two sisters, Dorcas and Keturah, are water-cure people.

"They like the place because there is a cascade at the back and a river close by."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fane.

"And cousin Ferdinand—that's all!" added Lilias, with a sigh of relief.

"That's all, eh?" said the bridegroom.

"Cousin Ferdinand is very agreeable," she said.

"He's waiting."

"Waiting?" echoed Mr. Fane.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"For the millenium," explained Mrs. Fane.

"He's been waiting these many years."

"Oh!" said Mr. Fane.

"He's crazy, eh?"

"Well," confessed Lilias, "he is a little peculiar.

"But we're used to it, and we don't notice it now."

"And are these people all to live with us?" asked Mr. Fane, a little gloomily.

"If you don't object," Lilias timidly said.

"Not in the least, my darling," said the young husband.

"Your will is law to me."

"So kind of you, dear," said Mrs. Fane, apparently much relieved.

And then the train stopped at Hastings and the young pair got out.

But during the long drive to Laurel Farm—Larkins Farm it had been when Lilias first came there, but she had adopted the more euphonious name—Mr. Fane turned matters over in his mind.

His mother, a shrewd old prophetess, had warned him that he couldn't expect to marry a rich young widow, who was pretty and attractive into the bargain, without some return of annoyance or trouble to balance his bliss.

And here it was, the first thing.

Not the ghost of the dear, departed Larkins—that he thought he could have endured—but five substantial bequests, fastened to the old farm like limpets to a rock, barnacles to the hull of a ship!

And Lilias evidently expected him to adopt them into his affections, and tolerate their various eccentricities even as she had done.

Lilias was such a pretty, dove-eyed, confiding little thing.

She should not be tormented at all events, he resolved.

If "John's folks" were to be met and conquered in single combat, he would do it alone.

And so he looked down with a smile on her innocent face, and replied pleasantly to her timidly-hazarded observations, studiously veiling the current of his thoughts; for as they neared the old home, Lilias was evidently growing nervous.

It was a fine old brick house, as Mr. Fane could see, in the cold December moonlight, surrounded with alternate rows of leafless maples and evergreens, with lights gleaming in all the windows, and "John's folks" were all assembled at the door to welcome the new married couple.

First and foremost stood the "escaped Mormon," a tall venerable gentleman, with a flowing beard and a suit of pepper-and-salt, with a red necktie and turnover collar.

"Welcome, my children, welcome," said this relic of the past, with a patronizing air, as if the whole house belonged to him.

"I shall use my every effort to render your stay at Laurel Farm agreeable.

"You're a little late," glancing reproachfully at the clock, "and I'm afraid the roast fowls will be spoiled.

"It always disagrees with me to eat overdone poultry; but of course this will not happen again."

"Oh, no, indeed, pa!" Lilias eagerly said.

Aunt Grace stood in the background, a grim, bony female, with her face tied up in a handkerchief, and a dress of badly dyed merino stuff, made in a most outlandish fashion.

"You'll have to sleep in the garret-chamber to-night, Lilias," she said gloomily.

"I've had yours whitewashed and cleaned, and it ain't dry yet."

"But it was cleaned thoroughly only last fall, aunt Grace."

"I can't help that," said aunt Grace, with a sniffle.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness, and I ain't one to live in the dirt.

"You wouldn't ask me or your stepfather to turn out of our rooms, would you?"

"Oh, no!" cried Lilias.

Dorcas and Keturah sat knitting on either side of the fire, evidently in a very ill humor.

"We were invited to tea to Miss Plumbago's to-night," said the eldest sister.

"But Keturah thought we'd ought to stay and welcome you first," said Dunce.

"And the train's late, and we shan't be in time to go there now," moodily added Keturah.

"But some folks don't care how they inconvenience other folks," said Dorcas, as she extended a flabby, mittened hand to her new cousin-in-law without looking at him.

"I am very sorry," pleaded Lilias, with a troubled face.

"Well, then, Grace," said the Second Advent man—a stout, rubicund little fellow, with a red nose, and hair as white as silver—"let us have supper served at once.

"What are you waiting for?"

And Mr. and Mrs. Fane were compelled to seat themselves without loss of time at the table, without an opportunity to remove the dust of travel, or to refresh themselves after their journey.

Mr. Fane had indeed ventured to say something about towels and fresh water, but Lilias whispered—

"Never mind just now, dear.

"Pa will be so put out, and Grace and Keturah like punctuality. For this once, do oblige me?"

Mr. Fane looked around in some surprise.

Here were he and Lilias, the rightful owners of the house, placed in the position of second-rate guests, of no great importance one way or the other, while "pa," aunt Grace, the resentful sisters and the Second Adventist reigned supreme, and Lilias hardly dared to express an opinion of her own in their presence.

But he made no comment, to Lilias' great relief, and endured everything with the serenity of an Aristotle.

Early the next morning he descended into the cellar, where aunt Grace was skimming milk, and looked sharply about him.

"My dear aunt Grace," he said cheerfully, "will it inconvenience you if I use some of these shelves for my chemicals?"

"Your what?" said aunt Grace, dropping her cream-spoon in amazement.

"I intend to use this cellar as a laboratory," blandly explained Mr. Fane; "and and as some of the chemicals are explosive——"

"I had better move the pans out to the spring-house," gasped aunt Grace.

"But Dorcas and Keturah are very timid, and——"

"In that case," said Mr. Fane, "perhaps they had better remove themselves to the spring-house, too.

"I really cannot exist without my scientific studies."

Aunt Grace sat down and thought it over.

Was she, after having lived for sixty odd years in peace and quietness, to be blown up like a torpedo at last?

There was cousin Yorke, in Wales.

It would not, perhaps, be such a comfortable home as this, but there would be no chemicals.

Mr. Bogle, the recreant Mormon, was cozily reading the paper by the fire, when his stepson's successor blandly requested him to "move a little."

"Move!" said Mr. Bogle, dropping his glasses.

"Where? and what for?"

"I am endeavoring to attach electric wires here," said Fane.

"I am getting up a small battery, to assist in my chemical experiments."

"Chemical experiments? Here!" cried the ex-Mormon.

"But I dislike chemistry, and I don't approve of electricity.

"In my opinion it is a trifling with the gifts of Providence;"

"Electro-chemistry is a wonderful agent," serenely remarked the bridegroom.

"I am thinking of charging all the boards of the floor with electricity, in order to observe the effect produced by the footsteps of different members of the family."

"Sir," cried Mr. Bogle, involuntarily lifting his feet upon the round of his chair, "I will not tolerate it.

"I—I am not lamp, to be lighted by electricity, nor a battery, to be charged."

"My dear sir," smiled the bridegroom, "in less than three days I shall have made a convert of you."

"Never!" roared Mr. Larkins' stepfather.

In the meantime cousin Ferdinand was dubiously eyeing a pair of superb blood-hounds which were chained up in the stable.

"I don't like dogs," said cousin Ferdinand: "and I always used this particular stall for my pony Grub."

"I have ordered Grub to be changed into the stall beyond," said Mr. Fane.

"And you need not be afraid of Star and Planet; they are chained carefully."

"But suppose they should break their chains?" croaked cousin Ferdinand.

"In that case, your life would not be worth five minutes' purchase," said Fane.

"But my wife and I are very fond of the dogs; they know us."

"I'll leave the house!" roared cousin Ferdinand, retreating as far as the barnyard fence would permit him.

"I won't be made a martyr to hydrophobia."

"Pray reconsider your determination?" said Fane politely.

But cousin Ferdinand was away like a shot.

Lilias came to her husband that evening with flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes.

"Fred," she cried, "they're going!"

"Who are going, pet?" he asked.

"John's folks—to-morrow morning."

"Impossible!" said Mr. Fane tragically.

"How should we ever live without them?"

"Every one of them," whispered Lilias; "and oh, I am so glad, because they had lived here so long that they had become exacting and cross.

"I didn't observe it so much in the old times, and I think we shall be so much happier by ourselves.

"You see, aunt Grace and the girls are afraid of your chemicals, and pa don't like electricity, and cousin Ferdinand has a horror of dogs."

"I am very sorry," Mr. Fane solemnly said.

"Fred," cried the little bride, looking up, with a sudden light in her eyes, "you have done it on purpose!"

"Done what?" said the bridegroom innocently.

"Wasn't I always an amateur chemist and electrician?

"And are not Star and Planet my inseparable companions wherever I go?

"How can I help it if my tastes are antipathetic to those of your deceased husband's relatives?"

But Lilias shook her head and laughed merrily.

"Fred," she said, "I have penetrated your mystery.

"But I shall not scold you, dear, for it is so nice to have the house all to ourselves."

"So you will not mourn hopelessly for John's folks?" mischievously asked Mr. Fane.

"No," said Mrs. Fane, "I do not think I shall."

For it was as she had said—"John's folks" had become chronic: and people are always glad to be relieved of a chronic ailment.

IT HAS BEEN BELIEVED.—A very common expression among writers and speakers is this, "It has been doubted," but how much more conducive to faith would be the words, "It has been believed." As almost everything, both under and above the sun, has been doubted, so in turn, almost everything has been believed. It has been believed that George Washington cut the cherry tree with his little hatchet. It has been believed that Newton was led to reflect upon the laws of gravitation by being hit on the head by an apple. It has been believed that all sorts of things were true. All the beautiful stories of ancient and modern times of which doubters speak as mere fables have been believed, and how beautiful and elevating is that faith that can trust in things not seen, and believe in things not understood.

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

THE CODFISH.—A correspondent says that the codfish frequents "the table-lands of the sea." The codfish no doubt does this to secure as nearly as possible a dry, bracing atmosphere. This pure air of the submarine table-lands gives to the codfish that breadth of chest and depth of lungs which we have always noticed. The glad, free smile of the codfish is largely attributed to the exhiliration of this oceanic altitoodleum. The correspondent further says that "the cod subsists largely on the sea-cherry." Those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the codfish climb the sea-cherry tree in search of food, or clubbing the fruit from the heavy-laden branches with chunks of coral, have missed a very fine sight.

A Wife's Discontent.

BY P. C. BERRETTA.

RUFUS MANNING was a fine, enterprising young man, and was much respected in the community in which he lived.

He had learned the carpenter's trade, and being steady and industrious, had never lacked for employment, and had already laid away a neat sum of money when he met his fate in an introduction to a young girl whose pretty face and shy ways at once captivated his heart.

After a short courtship he succeeded in gaining her promise to be his wife; and, as his visions of future happiness had always pictured to him a neat little house of his own without a cent of encumbrance upon it, he at once bought a plot of ground with a portion of his savings, and set to work to build a home with his own hands, out of working hours.

Kind friends gave him a hand, and it was wonderful to see how much one pair of industrious hands had accomplished by the time the spring and summer had passed away, bringing in the delightful autumnal month which was to usher in the wedding-day.

An old saw gives us this bit of wisdom—"One must winter and summer under the same roof to know well his companion;" and Rufus learned in time that it was a true saying.

The shy young girl who had so crept into his heart and filled it with dreams of future happiness and content, proved as restless as a caged bird in the neat home he had brought her into.

The furnishing had absorbed the balance of his savings, and a prudent wife would have taken an innocent pride and delight in proving herself a notable manager, and in thus putting her shoulder to the wheel which was to carry their future around with its daily revolvings.

Not so did Emma feel.

Her husband's earnings were not large enough to enable her to dress as showily as she desired without encroaching on the sum which Rufus had determined to put aside every week as a protection against the so-called "rainy day."

So it was not many months before a clouded face often met the young husband on his return from work.

At first Rufus tried to win a smile to the pouting lips; but he soon discovered how vain was the attempt, and with a heavy heart he soon learned that he had chosen unwisely.

No one was allowed to know of the skeleton in the closet, however.

True to his ideal of what a man should be, he suffered in silence, and outwardly all went well.

They were situated near a large city, and occasionally when a dull day came he would accompany Emma there to do her shopping.

After a time she learned the way to the principal shops, and then she would ask to go into town alone, just to look about at the pretty articles so temptingly displayed in the windows, and Rufus, glad to please her, would give his unhesitating consent, although it made a lonely day for him to think of his cozy little home closed and empty of life.

But a day came when Emma did not return.

At first Rufus was not anxious, thinking she had missed the train.

He was in waiting at the station as the latest one came puffing in, and it was with a feeling of intense surprise and alarm that he saw one passenger after another step out and wend his way homewards, and still no Emma came.

After a sleepless night he was at the station in time to take the first train to the city, fearing he knew not what.

Once there, he was still at fault, and wandered about from street to street, revolving in his mind where to go in search of his missing wife.

He had a countryman's horror of applying to a policeman, whose very name was associated in his mind with a sense of disgrace.

But at last he concluded to visit a police-station, and ask advice.

After inquiry he succeeded in finding his way there, and soon told the story of the suspense in which his wife's absence had placed him.

"She is young and innocent," he said, with a quiver in his voice he tried to render steady, "and some harm must have come to her, for she has no acquaintances here."

The officer listened quietly as Rufus said this.

His face, schooled by many a similar tale of trouble into a look of impassiveness, showed no sign of the sympathy he really felt, for a thought had struck him that this manly, troubled young husband had a cup to drink which would have a bitter taste in his mouth for many months, if not for his whole life.

"Will you describe your wife?" he said, "I can then tell better what to do."

"She is fair, with blue eyes and dimpled cheeks—that is, when she is pleased with anything," added Rufus, with a sudden thought of the different smiles made in Emma's face.

"How was she dressed?"

"I don't know very well how to describe a woman's dress, but it was of a dark-blue color, and she had a bright kind of thing like a bird's breast on her hat—shiny-like when the light touched it."

There was no mistaking the expression that looked out at Rufus from the officer's eyes.

"My man," he said, laying his hand on his arm, "I'm afraid I have bad news for you.

"Can you bear it if I tell you?"

Rufus felt his heart stand still.

His veins seemed turning to ice, and everything swam before his eyes.

With an effort he obtained control of himself sufficiently to make his dry lips murmur:

"Go on—tell me all."

"A young woman was arrested on the charge of shoplifting yesterday, and has spent the night in confinement.

"Her dress and description tallies with the one you have given me.

"She stole the material for a silk dress."

"It cannot be Emma!" exclaimed Rufus indignantly.

"If you had told me she had been killed in this great Babel of a city I might have believed it, but that an honestly-reared country girl would so disgrace herself and her friends!—why, sir, it is preposterous!"

"Here comes the prisoner now on her way to the court-room.

"I hope that you are right, and I wrong."

Rufus turned, and after one glance groaned and covered his face with his hands.

The prisoner turned at the same instant, and with a cry of "Oh, Rufus, save me!" sprang towards him.

"Not so fast, young woman! we are used to these dodges.

"Steady, if you please," came in rough tones from the guard.

A word from the officer silenced him, and obeying a signal from his superior, he escorted Emma into another room, followed by the officer, who had taken Rufus by the arm, and in his half-dazed state had almost forced him to accompany him.

Just then a newcomer appeared upon the scene—the merchant who had caused the arrest.

He had come to make a formal complaint, but touched by the agony which had caused Rufus' ruddy face to look as blanched and haggard as a man's of twice his years, he concluded to take no further action in the matter, and contented himself with giving good advice to the youthful wife whose name had so nearly been dragged into print.

The journey home was to both of them a dreary one.

Emma, conscious of the deep disgrace she had brought upon herself, sat silent and downcast in her place.

Rufus was endeavoring to realize the truth.

It did not seem possible that what had passed could be aught but a horrible dream which would drift off again into the shadows from whence it had come.

His set lips uttered no reproaches.

Words could do nothing to relieve his pain.

So silence reigned between the husband and wife.

Home at last was reached.

Then Emma turned and said:

"Rufus, I am sorry.

"Will you forgive me?"

"I have already forgiven you, Emma, but I cannot forget.

"I shall always feel that it is not safe for me to let you go out of my sight."

A strange look came into Emma's eyes.

"Will you kiss me, Rufus?" she cried humbly, conscious now that she knew that her husband never would respect her, that his love was worth more than all else in the world to her.

Rufus touched his lips to her forehead.

Emma shivered.

His lips were like ice.

"Thank you, Rufus; you will never regret that you have been kind to me."

Then she went upstairs to their sleeping apartment and Rufus went into the sitting-room.

How long he sat there he knew not, but a sudden rush of air from the open door aroused him from his bitter reverie.

It came from the street door, and as he went out into the hall to shut it a sudden fear flashed into his mind.

How had it come open at this time of night?

Had he been too harsh to Emma, and had she left the house to wander out into the cold night? but at once banished the idea.

"Poor little thing," he thought, "if I do not protect her, who will?"

And, his mind full of sudden pity, he went upstairs, intending to take her to his heart and tell her that he loved her and would be once more to her again—that they would believe in her again—that they would try and begin life anew and study to make each other happy.

But Emma was not there!

With a cruel fear at his heart, Rufus at once started out in search of her, but after hours of fruitless quest returned without her.

The neighbors were soon roused, and, full of sympathy, were untiring in their united efforts to find the missing one, and at last they were successful, but alas! it was only her lifeless body that was brought to her home.

She had drowned herself!

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In acute cases Compound Oxygen has been found to act with great promptness. says one of our correspondents: "I was suffering from a cold at the time I received your treatment—with a pain in the head, sore throat, and violent cough—and kept getting rapidly worse, till in a few days I was compelled to keep in my bed. In three days I was able to get up, and was entirely over it in less than ten days, which, considering that I am now an invalid at the best of times, is doing well; and I give the Oxygen credit." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large report of cases, and full information sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cupboard Love.

BY N. O. T.

I HAVE the honor to be one of that class of amphibious animals called sea-soldiers.

That is to say, I have the honor to hold a commission in the noble, ancient and most jolly body of the Marines, and it was while I was stationed on a ship at the siege of Oporto, in Portugal, that it took place.

The most beautiful maiden there, I thought, was a Spanish girl called Carolina.

She was the daughter of an alcalde of some Spanish town, who had fled some months before from the retributive justice of the law, which he himself had so long administered.

He had died months before the present period, leaving Carolina exposed to all the privations of a besieged town.

I had once seen her and loved her.

You can easily imagine my delight when I heard that a scarcity was making such rapid progress in the city, and when I found that even the Emperor Don Pedro's table was limited to the ordinary rations of pork, black bread, and port wine.

I will own that my heart leaped for joy when I ascertained from an emissary employed to watch the house of Carolina that she too was experiencing the pangs of want, and with her scanty means she was unable to procure the common necessaries for her sustenance.

Our ships were abundantly supplied, and the little signal station which I occupied was the abode of plenty.

I therefore set about purloining a leg of lamb, and when I had secured it, in defiance of the jealous watch of the steward, I crammed it into my pocket, and, asking leave to go on shore, started about the close of the day to try whether hunger, which breaks through stone walls, would open the oak door of the charming Carolina.

I soon found myself in the well-known quarter, and before the house that contained my love; and, after reconnoitering for an instant to see that the emperor or his staff were not in the way, ran up to the first landing where she lived, and pulled the little bell-string which hung at the door.

In an instant I heard the pretty feet tapping along the passage, and the soft voice of Carolina herself exclaiming:

"Who is there?"

"It is I, a marine officer, and a friend of yours," I replied.

"I want particularly to speak to you."

"Sir, senorita Carolina," I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"It is true, senorita; but I come to serve you, and my good intentions will excuse the absence of ceremony."

"Sir, I must wish you a good day.

"I cannot accept a service from strangers.

"I have not asked you for any."

"Stay, beautiful Carolina," I exclaimed; "I adore you."

"Sir, I have the honor to wish you good evening."

"Stay, angelic vision.

"I am a heap of matches."

"What have I to do with the marines?"

"I come to devote myself to you."

"Sir—really sir, you carry the joke too far.

"I must dispense with your unseasonable visit.

"I have again the honor to wish you good evening."

Carolina was about to close the little slide of the door through which this brief conversation was carried on, when, growing desperate with vexation, I held the slide open with one hand, while with the other I pulled the leg from my pocket, and held it dangling before her face.

Oh! if you had seen her look!

I offered it in glowing language, but the senorita answered not; pride on one hand, and hunger on the other, were struggling. The physical want prevailed over the moral feeling.

"Senor," said she, "I will accept the lamb in the name of my aunt, and cannot but feel obliged by the interest you have taken in our welfare.

"Good night, senor; it is getting late; I am certain you are anxious to return to your ship."

With these words she shut the little slide of the door, and I remained in the passage, gaping with astonishment, confounded with delight, and wondering at the new recipe I had invented for making love.

I kept, of course, my recipe for making love a profound secret; but I did not venture to put it again into operation for two or three days.

The next day, when I went on board ship to make the usual report to the captain, I found that a court of inquiry was going on into the disappearance of the very leg of lamb which I had feloniously purloined. The steward had reported the accident to the purveyor of the mess, and he had called a council of war, who thought fit to make an official report to the skipper, so that the result was really against the good of my fellows when I was asked to join the board, and to assist in the investigation. Fortunately for me, one of the officers [illegible] Don Pedro and his staff had nothing better than salt fish for rations; which request the captain was compelled, by a strict sense of duty, to refuse; and accordingly set it down as theft. So just at the crisis was brought to a close, and it was the steward who stole the lamb.

He had come wrapped up in his cloak, which was a circumstance fatal to his character; and it was agreed by the whole conclave that the gentlemen with the goodlaced hat and large cloak had been the thief.

In order to avoid suspicion, I lay quiet for a day or two, and allowed Carolina to feel the value of such an acquaintance as I was, under existing circumstances.

Afraid of the consequences in case a discovery should take place, I kept quiet for nearly a week altogether, until a little note, written in a cramped hand, was brought for me to the signal-station, from which I found by the confession of the aunt that Carolina was in despair at not seeing me again, and that she was very ill from a salt-fish diet.

I was conscience-stricken at the consequences of my neglect, and determined not to lose a moment in carrying provisions to my starving beauty; so, running to a basket that had just been brought in to be passed on board the commodore's ship, I seized a turkey-poult, feathers and all, and thrust it into the same coat pocket which had been enlarged to hold the leg of lamb. I asked and received leave to go on shore, and pushed as fast as four oars could impel me to the usual landing-place near the old nunnery.

I saw some of the idle dogs basking in the sun, but did not heed their presence, so filled was I with the idea of my Carolina; and, jumping out of the boat, I ran along the quay, totally unconscious of the sneers that my presence excited.

At last, when I got to the open rope-walk where the market is usually held, the number of my canine assailants became increased; and one of them, bolder than the rest, making a sudden snap at the head of the young turkey, which hung down through a fatal hole in my pocket, dragged its long neck to view, and exposed my shame to the assembled multitude.

A crowd immediately gathered round me, and a score of other dogs began to contest the prize with him that held the head of the turkey in his mouth.

I was in despair, and drew my sword to rid me of the cursed assailants; when, on the instant, as if to overwhelm me with disgrace, the captain of the ship to which I belonged forced his way through the crowd, and, laying his hand on my arm, told me to consider myself under arrest.

The turkey-poult had by this time been torn from my pocket by the perseverance of my tormentors.

It was pulled from one to the other on the ground, while the hungry citizens endeavored to save its mangled remains, and a running fight was kept up between them and the dogs, which under other circumstances would have been highly amusing. My heart was heavy, and I was incapable of enjoying the most palpable joke.

I walked slowly to the quay side, threw myself into the first boat that offered, went on board my ship, gave up my sword to the senior officer; was place under a formal arrest, and told to prepare myself for a court of inquiry.

I must say that I felt more for poor Carolina than I did for myself; and I could not help expressing my anxiety on her account to one of the brother officers who came in to condole with me on my situation.

The false friend, I was told afterwards, profited by the hint; and, instead of committing himself as I did, he hired a little cottage under cover of the guns of the fleet, where he placed Carolina and her aunt, and soon taught them to forget me. The worst of the affair was, that General Santa Martha, who had been supplying us, sent in a formal complaint to the admiral on the [illegible] of the question, and refused to stop the usual supply of provisions for the ship's use. A long correspondence took place on the subject, which may be found now in the records of the Foreign Office. I am glad to say, for the credit of the service, that the affair was hushed up in the end.

I was made the victim of that arrangement, and was glad to retire from the service on half-pay, to escape being ignominiously dismissed by a court-martial. I now was a living example of the doctrine of expediency. I entertain a horror of young turkeys and of dogs, and would be greatly informed of some land where neither of those odious creatures are to be met with.

GOING TOO FAR.—It was reported that Brummell, the dandy favorite of the Prince of Wales, son of George III., and who was celebrated for the beauty of his snuff-boxes, and the quality of his snuff, was once dining at the Pavilion with the Prince, and incurred his master's heavy displeasure in the following manner. The then Bishop of Winchester perceiving Brummell's snuff-box within his reach, very naturally took it up and supplied himself with a pinch; upon which Brummell told his servant, who was standing behind his chair, to throw the rest of the snuff into the fire or on the floor; the Prince all the while looked daggers. He gave master Brummell a good wigging the following day, and never forgot the insult offered to the Bishop. Brummell was [illegible] quarterly in great favor, but the Prince from that period began to show his dislike for the Beau on several occasions; and shortly afterwards quarrelled with him, and kept him at arm's length for the remainder of his life.

"THAT man is a phrenologist, Pat." "A what?" asked Pat, puzzled. "A phrenologist." "What's that?" "Why, a man that can tell, by feeling of the bumps on your head, what kind of a man you are." "Bumps on me head, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Bosirra, then, I should think it would give him more of an idea what kind of a woman me wife is!"

ONE ungrateful man injures all that are in distress.

Our Young Folks.

TOMMY'S ADVENTURE.

BY N. Y. J.

SAID fisherman Isaac to Long Sam, his mate, in answer to a question which the latter had put, "His name, William, is Trundle, Master Thomas Trundle—but little Master Consequential I call him.

"He has been down here for more than a month, and he seems bent on buying that old boat of mine."

"But I say, Isaac," replied Long Sam, "it ain't hardly fair, is it?

"Master Consequential, as you call him, is only a lad, and that old boat ain't seaworthy, is it?"

"What matters that to me?" exclaimed Isaac.

"I'm not to know but what he wants to buy the cobble for firewood, am I?"

"Well, no, of course not; but——"

"None of your 'buts,'" cried Isaac; "and don't you try to spoil my bargain."

And Isaac went off in a huff, leaving Long Sam to whistle for the wind.

The conversation took place on Armouth Sands, and not far off stood Tommy himself, eyeing the boat he so wanted to buy, and wondering if he had money enough in his possession to complete the purchase.

For, during the last two years Tommy Trundle had read so many sea stories, and tales of wild adventure, that he had become quite enamored of a life on the ocean wave, and he had determined to save all his pocket money, and, when next he visited his old uncle at the seaside, purchase a boat and become a sailor in earnest.

From stem to stern, as sailors say, Tommy was rigged out in nautical costume—straw hat, with ribbon so blue, pilot jacket, purser's shoes and all.

"She doesn't seem a very strong craft," he said to himself, "but I dare say I could have her all the cheaper on that account, and with a few nails and a bit of timber or two I can soon put her all to rights—I feel sure I can."

Now, reader, there are two things in this world you should never buy; one is a cheap boat, and the other is a cheap ladder.

But Tommy didn't know that.

Behold Tommy two days after this at work on the beach.

He has divested himself of hat and jacket, and has rolled up the sleeves of his jersey, for the day is warm.

The boat is bottom upwards on trestles, and clang, clang, clang, goes our hero's hammer, and rap, rap, rap; and he never left off work until he had mended every hole in that ancient cobble.

"A drop of tar now, and a lick of paint," says Tommy, "and she will be every bit as good as new—ay, and better."

After this he put a little half-deck on his boat—that was a whole day's work to him—and shipped his little mast, and bent his little sail, just to see how it would look.

"What if the cobb capsizes?" said Long Sam, "and drowns the poor lad?"

"What an old woman you are, Sam," said Isaac.

"The cobble can't capsize."

"Why?" said Sam.

"Because," said Isaac, laughing, "the sail is just as rotten as the cobble is, and the least bit of a puff would blow it all to patches."

Tommy Trundle, when his boat was completed, and everything ship-shape and nice, determined to start upon a long voyage the very next day.

He spent the evening in laying in stores, as he called them, principally consisting of buns and lollipops; and hardly a wink could he sleep all night for thinking of the wild adventures he was next day to treat himself to.

He was out of bed as soon as the first streak of dawn began to glimmer in the golden east.

He simply left word that he was going out to enjoy himself for the day, and that his uncle was on no account to wait dinner for him.

Tommy marched bravely down to the beach.

He was wondering to himself where he should sail to.

But for the matter of that he had forgotten to buy a compass.

"But even if I had a compass," said Tommy to himself, "I shouldn't know how to box it, nor how to work it.

"But, dear me! the sea is very wide and big, and there are plenty of islands in it, because I've read there are, so I am sure to discover some of them, and how jolly it will be to play at being Robinson Crusoe all by myself!

"What a long delightful story I'll have to tell when I go back to school!

"I'll be the envy of all the rest of the boys.

"And what a lovely morning it is, to be sure!"

Early as the hour was, Long Sam was down on the beach, looking as bright as paint, and as fresh as a sea anemone.

A kindly kernel of a heart had Long Sam, under that rough shell of an exterior of his.

So could not see this poor unsophisticated boy going away all by himself to brave the perils of the deep without giving him a parting word or two of advice.

So he found a kindly good morning, and helped him to haul down and launch his frail bark, and just as Tommy spread his rag of a sail to the breeze, and began to move away.

"Good-bye, Master Trundle," cried Long Sam, waving one brown hand, "good-bye, and do take care of yourself, lad.

"Don't forget to look out for squalls.

"Keep the sheet well in hand, don't belay the sheet, and if you see a puff coming, play out, but don't luff for the life of you."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried Tommy, waving his hat, but he did not know in the least what Long Sam meant by that strange speech, any more than if it had been ancient Greek or Dutch.

And off he went.

"I wonder what he means," thought our bold sailor boy, "by telling me to keep the sheet well in hand, and telling me not to laugh for the life of me.

"Ha! ha! ha! I shall laugh, for I never felt so happy in all my born days before. I must sing myself a song:

> I'm afloat, I'm afloat on the deep rolling sea.
> I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the cover is free."

After his song Tommy felt hungry, and he treated himself to a couple of buns, and then settled himself to munch lollipops.

Tommy did not make a great deal of progress in this voyage of discovery of his, for the wind was hardly worth speaking about, nor was it very certain, for the sail often flapped and filled again, so that the boat moved by fits and starts.

The time flew by, though, ever so quickly, just as it always does when people are happy.

The sun rose higher and higher, then began to decline in the west, and when our little mariner looked behind him he was quite surprised to find the land so far, far away—indeed, it seemed only a long grey streak on the horizon, and between him and that distant shore was the great billowy ocean.

Yes, it was billowy, and getting every minute more and more so.

"Why, it will soon be dark," said Tommy to himself; "I shall have to stop all night on some desert land.

"I do wish I could come to one; I'm getting tired, and my buns are very nearly all finish.

"Ha! what was that?

"What could it be?"

The boat had given a little saucy kick, and about a pint of water came on board.

"I'll go back," said Tommy; "I'll steer for my native land.

"What a terrible thing it would be if a storm were to arise, or one of Long Sam's squalls.

"'Don't laugh, for the life of you,' he said; indeed, I feel ready to cry."

Tommy had got the boat round by this time, and he was now heading straight for land, towards which, fortunately for him, the breeze began to blow.

Poor boy! he did not know that although the wind seemed carrying him shorewards, the tide was actually taking him out to sea.

Then night fell.

Clouds arose and filled the sky; never a star twinkled forth to light the gloom, and the wind moaned dismally over the rising waves.

I do not know how much Tommy would have given to have been safe in his own little bed at home—all he had in the world.

But worse was to come; for before midnight the wind blew, and the sea raged, and the sail of the boat was rent in ribbons.

The waves broke on board, too, and swamped the frail bark, though it did not sink her.

Tommy clung to the gunnel and wept and prayed as he had certainly never prayed before.

My pen is powerless to describe all the agony Tommy endured, throughout the storm and the darkness.

At daybreak he had fallen into a kind of uneasy slumber, when all at once he found himself immersed in the waves.

The boat had struck a rock and sunk.

Happily, he was near the land, and a friendly spar was floating past; on this he landed, then he crawled sadly up the beach.

"Glad you're safe, anyhow," cried Long Sam.

"It'll be a lesson to you, lad."

It was a lesson, and Tommy never forgot it.

He is alive to this day, and a captain, and he often tells his midshipmen this: "Be brave, my boys; brave, but never rash."

THE CRYSTAL SPECTACLES.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

"THIS world is so very stupid!" cried little Blossom, stopping for a moment as she ran down a steep mossy path, which led through a wood to the river's edge, "This world is so very stupid!" and she tossed back her sunny curls, while the tears stood in her clear brown eyes.

"Of course the river has overflowed just because I wanted a walk along its banks, and I feel sure the forget-me-nots will be later than usual on purpose to spite me.

"I don't like those nasty woods," the child continued, tearing up a handful of green leaves which she threw two or three yards away from her.

Then Blossom stopped with impatient haste, till she caught sight of a "cuckoo's spring," which was peeping up in the light between the trees.

"Those horrid toadstools!" she exclaimed, quite determined to poison me, but I shall pay no heed to the nasty things, and she walked on, with a dignity.

Suddenly she looked up into the sky, "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "what an ugly black cloud there is!" and with a sullen kick of her little foot Blossom tripped and fell.

You may be sure she had a good cry, for her aching little heart was glad of an excuse for tears; and seating herself near the oak-tree, she sobbed herself to sleep.

She dreamed she was lying in her own [illegible] at home, when such a bright [illegible] looked in at the window that [illegible] her weary little eyes lest they should be [illegible].

"Blossom," said a soft musical voice.

Blossom looked up and saw a beautiful child sitting on the moonbeam.

Her little frock reminded Blossom of the fleecy white clouds in a summer sky, and instead of a girdle she wore a garland of myrtle and honeysuckle.

Her fair hair was strewn with sweet wood violets, in her hand was a lily of the valley, and over her heart rested a lovely heartsease, hiding among the dainty folds of her white frock.

"Who are you?" said Blossom, rubbing her eyes.

"The wee folk call me Iris," said the child.

"Have you been crying, Blossom?"

"Yes," answered Blossom, feeling very uncomfortable.

"I thought so," said Iris, with a wise nod of her little head; "that was why I came."

There was a little pause, and Blossom heard the vine-leaves outside tapping against the window.

"I fancy you must have lost your crystal spectacles," said Iris, looking straight into Blossom's eyes.

"Spectacles!" laughed Blossom, "you must be mistaking me for grandmamma!" and she passed her plump hand over her dimpled face to see whether there were any wrinkles there.

"I know you once had a pair, though," said Iris, "only they were so perfect that you neither saw nor felt them, but they made all the difference in the wearing, for almost everything looked pleasant through them."

"Well," replied Blossom, "I should like such a pair of spectacles as those, or indeed anything else that would make things seem a little less disagreeable."

"Listen then," said Iris.

"Forget your own troubles, and just look straight up: catch all the sunshine you can, and then look around for some one with whom you may share it."

"Agreed," answered Blossom; and with this she awoke.

Then she sat up, full of her dream, and lifted up, not only her eyes, but her heart also; and then, full of love and joyfulness, she looked around her.

The sun shone down through the green boughs overhead on to the ivy-carpeted ground.

From her pleasant seat, Blossom could see the great river in the valley, sweeping on between its green banks, and shining wherever the sun shone on it.

It was wide enough to look very beautiful, but evidently had not overflowed enough to prevent a walk along its banks, and on the further side Blossom espied a great bed of lovely forget-me-nots.

She was wild with delight, but she hurried homeward, for she thought she knew of a poor cottage where some of her sunshine would be very acceptable.

She stopped as she passed the oak-tree, for she saw a clump of fine mushrooms.

"Ah!" she said, "I once thought those were toadstools; and those plants I took for useless weeds—why, they are wild aroums!"

Once again Blossom looked up.

She saw the same dark cloud she had noticed before, but saw, too, by the bright rim of gold on its upper edge, that it had a golden lining.

"I scarcely think I need the spectacles," laughed Blossom.

"You have them already," said the soft voice of Iris.

"Did I not say they were invisible?"

And when Blossom looked down, she saw the lily of the valley—which means in flower language, return of happiness—in her own little hand.

Iris had left it as a keepsake.

THE TOBACCO PLANT.—This tobacco plant in some parts of Russia is looked upon as a deadly foe. The Raskolniks call it the demon's herb, and in Little Russia the following legend is current as to its origin. Certain Little Russian carriers were in danger of being lost astray by a heathen woman. A voice from heaven ordered that she should be put to death. The carriers moved, and buried her alive. Her husband planted a twig above her remains, it grew and grew and became a large-leaved plant. As the Christian carriers and the heathen widower passed that way they saw that he broke off some of the leaves, filled a pipe with them, and smoked it. They followed his example, and smoked what has since been known as tobacco. So delighted were they that they went on smoking without ceasing; until at length the smoke gave way one day to fire, which burned them all up.

IT takes eight hundred full-blown roses to make a teaspoonful of perfume, while a shilling's-worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

*** "Magnificent promises sometimes end in paltry performances." A magnificent exception to this is found in Kidney-Wort which invariably performs even more cures than it promises. Here is a single instance: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it has completely cured her liver complaint."

EXAGGERATIONS.

NOTHING is more characteristic of the present age than the tendency to exaggeration of language which prevails among all classes.

For instance, when Artemus Ward tells us that on his recovery from fever he was so thin that, standing edgewise, he could not be seen at all, and that you might have cleaned the stem of a tobacco-pipe with either of his legs, he certainly does not mean us to believe that his emaciation had actually reached that painful extent.

So, too, Dickens, in his preface to Barnaby Rudge, describing one of the two living originals from which the raven Grip was drawn, can scarcely intend that we should accept literally the statement that the bird ate a staircase, consisting of six wooden steps and a landing, before succumbing to a pound of whitelead.

"You might have heard a pin drop," is a tolerably strong expression in itself, frequently used in speaking of a sudden silence among a multitude of people; but the assertion that in a crowded hall at a critical moment the stillness so perfect that 'the accidental dropping of a pin reverberated like thunder,' goes further.

And the negro must have been black indeed, upon whose skin charcoal made a white mark.

An individual had been bragging for some time in a public bar-room of various marvellous feats of swimming which he had witnessed or performed; when an Englishman, who had listened in silent incredulity, bethought himself that he would defeat, or try to defeat, the boastful 'Colonel' with his own weapons.

The old country, he considered, was able to beat the new at anything—even at lies—if her sons tried; so he suddenly spoke up.

"Well, yes, Colonel," struck in the Britisher, those were big swims, I admit, that you say you've seen; but I've known one that beats all yours hollow.

"Two years ago, I started from Liverpool for New York in one of the Cunard boats. There was a little commotion and excitement on the wharf at leaving, and a man dived into the water; but we took no particular heed of it.

Next morning, we remembered it, though, for, sure enough there was a man swimming abreast of us at the rate of fifteen knots an hour.

"We [illegible] and threw him a rope, but [illegible].

"We [illegible] sight of him; but when the [illegible], there he was again, striking out as lively as possible.

"And so he stood by us all the way across, sometimes diving under our keel, and coming up on the other side; sometimes playing round us like a dolphin, now on his back and now on his side; now turning head over heels, wheel-fashion.

"But about two hours before we reached New York, he began to forge ahead, and soon distanced us altogether: and when we got alongside, we found him standing on the quay, dressed to receive us."

The Yankee had eyed the speaker fixedly during his narration.

"That's a true yarn, I s'pose, stranger?" he said interrogatively.

"O yes, quite true; I saw it myself," was the reply.

"You saw that man swim across from Liverpool to New York alongside yer steamer all the way?"

"Exactly."

"Stranger, did yer know that man?"

"Well, no!" answered the Englishman cautiously; "I didn't know him; but I saw him, nevertheless."

"Stranger, I was that man!"

Here is a fact which is not a "stretcher," though it might reasonably be taken for one.

There is a railway in the Argentine Republic which has a great many small stations in the suburbs of Buenos Ayres.

On this favored line, the speed of the locomotives is so remarkable, that when people miss a train at one station, they not unfrequently drive on to the next, and catch it there!

Sailors have a great many queer sayings which certainly overstep the bounds of exact truth; such, for example, as the assertion that a ship is going so fast as to make her keel red-hot.

I once sailed with a captain who constantly made use of the quaintest, and at the same time most harmlessly undeceptive mis-statements of this character.

He had bought, at the last moment before sailing, two packets of writing-paper, which turned out to be of very inferior quality.

"Capting," I believe you [illegible]

"Why, my pen won't [illegible] against human skin as it will like [illegible] it.

"I gave it a great rub, and tried the back of my pocket-book, but that was worse.

"If the first had oatmeal in it, this was full of Indian corn!"

One night at sea, meeting a large American steamer which displayed, in addition to her usual red and green sidelights and white mast-head light, several other colored lamps as a night-signal, he exclaimed: "Why, here's a druggist's shop coming!" And once, when he was fired on by a drunken rowdy in mistake, he rushed into a store and hid himself under the counter until matters were explained, he afterwards excused his want of courage by the remark, that it was better to look a coward for five minutes, than to look a corpse for evermore!

*** "Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10 cents.

THE CHILD'S LAUGH.

One morn a child, just five years old,
Laughed out as a breeze pass'd by;
And the breeze stoop'd down and caught the sound
Ere its gladsome notes could die.

And away it flew over fields of dew,
And over the forest grand;
But the laughter sweet in its fast retreat
It held in a soft cool hand.

And where it strayed the soft leaves play'd
And tittered on every tree;
And the flower looked up as it touched its cup,
And it's face swell'd out with glee.

And the waters dull of a shade-hid pool
Smiled faint through a languid lip;
And the brooklet proud laughed out aloud
As the breeze brushed over it.

And the breeze went on from dawn to dawn,
And over the world it went,
And joy and mirth took instant birth
Wherever its wings were bent;

And many a time in a far-off clime
Where the father's feet have strayed,
His dreaming ear is startled to hear
The laughter his child once made.

And the mother who sits, and dreams, and knits,
When the fire is burning low,
Is roused to hear that laugh ring clear
That her child made long ago.

And the breeze goes on from dawn to dawn,
And wanders the wide world o'er,
And the joyous shout that the child gave out
'Twill carry for evermore.

HUMOROUS CHAP-BOOKS.

"WHAT are chap-books?" is a question that may well be asked without any loss of dignity, and without the sensation that you are "exposing your ignorance." Dearly loved as these little books are by collectors, they are scarce—consequently somewhat high in price—and very rarely come within the reach of ordinary readers. What has become of the hundreds of thousands of these books that were sold during the last century, is a problem hard to solve. The greater number have become worn, torn, scattered, lost; the fire has claimed some, and the devouring maws of the paper-mills have accounted for the extinction of more. Their price was so low—usually two cents—that there was no incentive to preserve them; whilst, being in the form of unsewn tracts, they were exposed to all the accidents of tearing and soiling.

We who in these latter days are so abundantly supplied with cheap and good literature, can hardly refrain from a smile at the mental food that was supplied to the generations who read chap-books.

Did you wish Bible stories?—there were Joseph and his Brethren, The Gospel of Nicodemus, The Life of Joseph of Arimathea. Or revel in the diabolical?—then you might have the histories of Friar Bacon and Dr. Faustus, or the dread secrets revealed in The Witch of the Woodlands. If any one wanted to go sleepless to bed and start at his own shadow, he could do so by reading The Duke of Buckingham's Father's Ghost, or the Portsmouth or Guildford Ghost; and if he was purely superstitious, then there were The Interpretation of Dreams and Moles, the prophecies of Nixon and Mother Shipton, and many kinds of Fortune Books. In the department of Romance, you have Reynard the Fox, Valentine and Orson, Fortunatus, Guy of Warwick, Sir Bevis of Hampton, Jack and the Giants, St. George, Patient Grissel, Tom Hickanthrift, or Tom Thumb; whilst of the humorous ones you could have a wide choice. Should your taste run on old stories, Adam Bell, Robin Hood, The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, or The Babes in the Wood, might suit you. History ranged from the time of Romans to Charles I., or later, including Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, Wat Tyler, and Whittington. There were also short accounts of popular books, such as Sir John Mandeville's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, and many others, even including such different themes as Cookery Receipts and Æsop's Fables.

In giving a few specimens of these old chap-books, let us begin with The Wise Men of Gotham, which was written by Andrew Borde, Doctor of Physic, who lived in the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, was educated at Oxford, became a Carthusian monk, and who, on the suppression of his order Henry VIII., escaped abroad, and traveled over many parts of Europe and some parts of Africa. Settled at Montpelier as a physician, the eccentric doctor also practised as such on his return to England; and from some cause, now unknown, he was imprisoned in the Fleet, where he died in 1549. The Wise Men of Gotham are a collection of tales of the most amazing and stolid stupidity, of the inhabitants of the county of Nottingham, as tale number three will testify: "On a time the men of Gotham would fain have pinned in the Cuckoo, that she might sing all the year. All in the midst of the town they had a hedge made round in compass, and got a Cuckoo, and put her into it, and said: Sing here, and you shall lack neither meat or drink all the year. The Cuckoo, when she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away. A vengeance on her, said these Wise Men; we had not the hedge high enough."

Tale five will match it: "A Man of Gotham bought at Nottingham Market a three-legged stool, made of bar iron, and going home with it, his shoulder grew weary of the carriage; he set it down, and seeing it had three feet, said: Thou hast three feet, and I but two; thou shalt bear me home, if thou wilt. So he set himself down on it, saying:

Bear me along as I have bore thee,
For if thou dost not, thou shalt stand still for me.

The man of Gotham seeing that his stool would not move,—stand still, said he, In the Mayor's name, and follow me if thou wilt; and I can show thee the way. When he went home his wife asked him where the stool was. He told her it had three legs, and he had but two, and he had taught it the ready way to his house; and therefore it might come home if it would. Where did you leave the stool? said the woman. At Gotham Bridge, said he. So she immediately went and fetched the stool; otherwise she must have lost it, on account of her husband's want of wit."

Many other productions of a similar kind might be referred to; but enough has been given to show that the good folks of a hundred years ago had something to laugh at, even if the matter does not quite come up to our nineteenth-century ideas.

Grains of Gold.

Borrowed garments seldom fit well.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.

To see what is right, and not do it, is want of courage.

No one is fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

It is weak and vicious people who cast the blame on fate.

A man is known by the company he keeps away from.

It is chance that makes brothers, but hearts that make friends.

If you wish to remove avarice you must remove its mother—luxury.

Somebody else will if I don't. This is one of the devil's pet proverbs.

Cast no dirt into the well that has given water when you were thirsty.

Keep appointments. Be on hand at the hour named. Punctuality is one of the levers to success.

A man that hoards riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

All praise wrongly directed, or suggested by selfish motives, is an injurious element in society.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

The disposition to give a cup of cold water to a disciple is a far nobler property than the finest intellect.

The best etiquette for a man is not to boast of his virtues, and not to show off his power to one weaker than himself.

A right education is not merely the reading of many books, but the ability of making knowledge useful to ourselves and others.

Opposition is what we want, and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Æolian harp, to await inspiration of the passing breeze.

Books are the most discreet of all friends; they visit us without intrusion, and, though often rudely put aside, are as prompt to serve and please as ever.

It is one thing to love truth, and to seek it, for its own sake, and quite another to welcome as much of it as tallies with our impressions and prejudices.

The worst of ingratitude lies not in the ossified heart of him who commits it; but we find it in the effect it produces on him against whom it was committed.

The moralist says: "Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually." Then again some men are perpetually what they ought to be only occasionally.

This life is too full of work, of duty, and of pleasure, to be wasted. Certainly, it is never a waste of time to meet one's friends, to chat and have a good time with them.

The family man resembles an oyster on the half-shell. The shell is known at home, but the soft side abroad. Some men carry this resemblance in their faces. A great many men have countenances like oysters.

Real foresight consists in reserving our own forces. If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet the future. If we take more in hand now than we can do well, we break up, and the work is broken up with us.

Femininities.

A mean paper down in Chester county heads its matrimonial column, "Off for the war."

There is no special style of engraving engagement rings. A spider's web, with a fly in it, is a pretty device.

It is said that young ladies of New Orleans have rosebud lunch parties. What budding angels these darlings must be!

We are credibly informed, upon competent authority, that henpecked men in this world are excused from doing fatigue duty in the next.

There are six different types of the Goddess of Liberty afloat in this country, and not one of them is dressed in a way you would like to see your sister adopt.

"I thrashed the little boys and mashed the big ones," was the young and pretty schoolmarm's explanation of her success in subduing an unruly school.

"The difference between hanging and marriage," said an old bachelor, "is that with the former a man's troubles commence, while with the latter they end."

One year ago a needle entered the wrist of a young lady in Camden, and the other day it was removed from the right arm of the fellow who is her "steady company."

"What a change one little woman can make in a man's life!" exclaims the moralist. "Yes," sighed Snubb; "and what a lot of change she requires while doing it."

A Manayunk girl, who married recently, says that her husband would soon be a wealthy man if he would only work as hard now as he did when he was making love to her.

Whenever you see a woman talking straight to a man, and beginning to nod her head and keep time to it with her index finger, it is about time for somebody to climb a tree.

A correspondent tells of a lady's dress at a recent ball that is a "perfect dream." The nightmare part of the business was probably enjoyed by the man who paid for the dress.

An Englishman in attempting to rescue two women from drowning, lost his life, but the women were saved. This proves that it is impossible to live with two women at one time.

A city belle at Newport made a wager last summer that she could go into a barnyard and milk a cow she saw there, the first time trying. She lost. The cow happened to be an ox.

In 1796 the ladies dresses were made so that no appearance of a waist was visible. The length of a petticoat for a middle-sized female in the summer of that year was five feet and an inch.

"Tommy, did you hear your mother call you?" "'Course I did." "Then why don't you go to her at once?" "Well, you see she's nervous, and it'd shock her awfully if I should go too sudden."

In a certain room there are eleven women sitting down. A lady passes with a new bonnet on. Find the number who got up and rushed to the window. (That's where you are fooled. One of 'em was too lame to get out of her chair.)

Ask a lady of middle age what are the ingredients that render married life happy and admirable, and she will mention health, religion, good temper, similarity of tastes, congenial sentiments, and then competency last in her list.

When Hood wrote "There is a happiness that makes the heart afraid," he was probably thinking of one evening when he sat up very late with his girl, and he did not know what minute the old man might come thundering downstairs.

"I should think you would feel bad about leaving this place," said the housemaid to the departing cook. "I'm not; I'm glad to go. I ain't sorry to leave any of you—except the dog. Poor old Tiger, he's always washed the plates for me."

A Cincinnati paper says that fashionable young ladies out there now wear quizzing glasses—one on each eye, after the style of English fops. They don't care so much about seeing as they do about being seen. Hence, anything to attract attention.

A young man of Maryland committed suicide because he was too poor to marry. This is an isolated case. The poor young man generally marries, and if his wife doesn't commit suicide a year or two afterward, it is not because she hasn't sufficient provocation.

A fashionable lady read aloud a paragraph in a newspaper to the effect that President Arthur was well-off and a bachelor. "Of course he is well-off if he is a bachelor," was the brutal reply of the husband. The lady has since consulted a lawyer as to the grounds that constitute a plea for a divorce.

"No, papa, I do not wish to marry yet. What I want is a man who does not drink, smoke, chew, go out nights, gamble, over-eat, etc.; in short, a man with no vices, and one who is always good." "My daughter," said the old gentleman, with a quiet smile, "you are but a stranger here; heaven is your home."

A country woman who had never before been more than five miles from her home among the hills, happened on one occasion to visit the metropolis. Observing some of the large vessels with a small boat in tow, she said: "Eh, but it's wonderful to see the works o' nature; why, the very ships ha'e young ones."

Sarah P. asks, "Where should I wear an engagement ring?" Wear it upon the first finger of the left hand, if everything is open and above board; but if you do not want the old folks to know of the engagement, we would advise you to wear it in the right hand corner of an old striped stocking at the bottom of the bureau drawer.

When a Brooklyn girl married a man, under the impression that he was a nobleman in disguise, and then found out that he worked in the morgue, she was so mad that for revenge she went and had all her front teeth pulled out and her hair dyed red to make him ashamed of her; and the next day he was run over by a dray and killed. And now that girl is just about crazy. Women shouldn't be too hasty.

News Notes.

The latest odd bonnet has a crown of alligator skin.

A business man in Rochester is 7 feet 2 inches in height.

A child with three arms was recently born in Tippah county, Miss.

Horseflesh is described as tasting very much like second-rate beef.

The population of London is, according to the latest census, 4,764,312.

The grave of Emerson is kept constantly covered with flowers by the young girls of Concord.

At a recent examination for clerkships in the London postoffice, 1,800 women presented themselves.

An Englishman has recently invented a stirrup which will not hold the rider's foot when he is thrown.

Texas has fully 7,000,000 sheep, and the wool crop of the present year will be worth over $6,000,000.

The wife of President Gonzales, of Mexico, is in Chicago pursuing her studies in medicine and surgery.

Seal and otter furs, in their natural colors, are used extensively to trim handsome cloaks and costumes.

Worth decides in favor of hoops, but they come into use slowly, owing to the popularity of English styles.

French army surgeons say that a great deal of the sickness among soldiers is caused by the use of tobacco.

The latest æsthetic guest card is the natural lily leaf, bearing the name of the visitor painted in golden letters.

An old captain of a Liverpool liner believes that not more than half the sailors now-a-days know how to swim.

Gen. Sherman's retirement will not affect his income, as he will continue to receive a salary of about $15,000 a year.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett owns the smallest pony in the world. It stands 13 inches high, and is five years old.

Sickness of the stomach is quickly relieved by drinking a teacupful of warm water, with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it.

The wife of of Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, was robbed of $1,000 in money and jewelry while in a sleeping-car, in Colorado.

Certain physicians say that crying should not be repressed in children, as the consequences may be Saint Vitus' dance or epileptic fits.

Ultra-fashionable ladies cover their pet lap-dogs with tiny blankets made of a bit of the dress goods of which their own costumes are made.

Judge Allen, of Boston, called up a lawyer in open court, and compelled him to refund a fee of $25 from a poor woman whose case he had utterly neglected.

A baby was born in a cemetery at Marshaltown, Iowa, recently, and the order of things was reversed, by carrying the child from the grave to the cradle.

There are at present no fewer than ten establishments in France devoted to the propagation of bait for the use of anglers, and one of these breeders sells from thirty to forty millions of worms every year.

A cat knocked a loaded pistol from a shelf in Louisville, Ky., on the 17th of last month. The pistol was discharged, when it struck the floor, and the ball pierced the heart of a little child playing with his toys.

Judge Rosenbaum, of the San Francisco Police Court, has recently decided that an unloaded revolver is not a deadly weapon within the meaning of the statute forbidding the unlawful carrying of such concealed.

The German Government has adopted a new regulation on its lines of railway. In future the carriages will be painted of the same color as the tickets of the different classes—first, yellow; second, green; third, white.

Adam Kirpen has a beard twelve feet long and proportionately heavy. By means of it he has not only lived twenty-two years without work, but has accumulated considerable property in Chicago. He travels through the West selling his photographs.

The collection of fir cones is quite an industry in Puyallup county, W. T. The cones are dried in furnaces till the seeds fall out, when they are packed up and sold for export. Large quantities of this seed are planted in Europe. The price is from $6 to $8 a pound.

A Georgia preacher lately warned his congregation that all who attended the circus would be expected to withdraw from the church. The circus arrived, and the preacher went to see who of his flock were present. His discovery there made a capital foundation for a compromise, which was promptly effected.

A young man was found in the Mersey river, England, drowned. On a paper found in his pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me. Drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot." Within a week the coroner received over two hundred letters from mothers and fathers all over England, asking for a description of the young man.

A ball-room car is the latest novelty introduced on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, and recently a merry party of St. Louis belles and beaux made an excursion over the road, and danced the racquet with the train moving at forty miles an hour. The ball-room was in a large baggage-car sixty feet long by fifteen wide. The floor was elegantly carpeted, the walls beautifully painted, hung with pictures and decorated with bunting, evergreens and garlands of roses. There was an orchestra of eight pieces, and refreshments were passed around every hour.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 20, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. W. C.

Oquawka, Ill., August 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed, I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R. C.

Missentown, D. C., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K. L. O'N.

Clinton, Ia., August 80, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. C.

Stratford, August 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W. H. H.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich. August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium pictures, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it.
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her—old you tell me?—
At the sea-shore last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light:
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky:
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you stroked along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled 'long the shore;
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll drop around and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you've settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected?
You rejected? So was I.

—WM. HENRY.

Humorous.

An exchange contains an article on "Young Women Who Die Early." This frequently occurs; but the cases of old women who die early are very few indeed.

It is true that our first parents had a little unpleasantness about that pock little pippin, but Mother Eve was the first to make up, and her fashionable daughters continue to make up to this day.

"I don't ask any one's advice," said the man with the bump of self-esteem. "I do my own thinking." "Yes," murmured Fogg, "I should think you might, and not be greatly overworked, either."

A Quebec farmer, while returning from his mowing lot, with his scythe over his shoulder, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. This showed what little use the universe has for a man who mows with a scythe in 1882.

A wicked Connecticut man being recently taken ill, and believing he was about to die, told a neighbor that he felt the need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it. Immediately the friend sent for a fire insurance agent.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give *Instant Relief* and effect a *CURE*. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; 12 Corn or 6 Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. G. HUGHES, Druggist, 8th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

DRY GOODS

BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent it vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $3, $2; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

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SPECIAL POST FACILITIES FOR OUT-OF-TOWN RESIDENTS.

The mode of ordering by mail is now adopted by thousands, and owing to the efficiency of our

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we are enabled to supply all demands for *SAMPLES of GOODS*. Those once adopting this system of purchasing will see the immense advantages it offers, and continue to use it in preference to buying from limited assortments.

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For LADIES, MEN'S, and BOYS' WEAR,

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30 DAYS' TRIAL.

DR. DYE'S VOLTAIC BELT.

BEFORE — AND — AFTER

Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,

WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

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An Unfailing Remedy for PILES OR HEMORRHOIDS.

Victims of this distressing complaint admit that *even temporary relief* is a great boon, and we claim that this has resulted in *every trial* of the Barlett Suppository, and reports are *constantly* received full of grateful expressions from those who have been *permanently cured*. It is a small medicated cone, applied directly to the affected parts, *without the slightest danger or inconvenience* attending its use. "THE OLD DOCTOR'S LEGACY," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment, and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it.

Boxes of 24 Suppositories, $1.00; or trial size of five for 50 cents. Can be sent by mail.

If not kept by neighboring druggists, address

BARLETT MANUFACTURING CO.,

815 Filbert St., PHILADELPHIA.

Consumption and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs *effectually* cured by Baker's Cod Liver Oil. Sold by all druggists.

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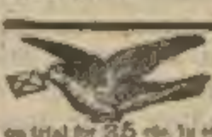
ORGANS are certainly best, having been so decreed in every Great World's Industrial Competition for Sixteen Years; *no other American Organs having been found equal to any.* Also Cheapest. Style 69, 3½ octaves, sufficient compass and power, with best quality, for popular, sacred, and secular music in schools or families, at only $22. One Hundred other styles at $35, $37, $60, $72, $78, $83, $108, $114 to $200 and up. *The larger styles are wholly unrivaled by any other organs.* Also for easy payments. New illustrated catalogue free.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co. 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 E. 14th St., (Union Square,) New York; 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago.



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For Manufacturing or Family use, is now known throughout America and Europe as the simplest and best Knitting Machine ever made. Makes seamless hose, double heel and toe. Runs either by hand or power. Capacity, from 6 to 8 dozen pairs socks per day. A child can use them. For circulars address JAMES L. BRANSON, 305 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

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LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $125. Pianos $267.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

50 Lovely Moss Rose, Birds, Mottos, Lilies, Winter and Moonlight Scenes, &c., all beautiful Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Rising Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Choice Chromos, with name, in fancy case 10c. Set of samples 6c. VANN & Co., Fairhaven, Conn.

50 New style Chromo Cards, beautiful designs, name on, in Case 10c. E. H. Pardee, Fair Haven, Ct.

Facetiæ.

Your arguments are sound, boy, and delivered with force," said a father to his boy, who had been banging away at his drum for an hour or more; "but we have quite enough on that head."

Nothing annoys the keeper of a railroad restaurant more than to have one customer ask in a rather loud tone of another: "Have they ever tried plating war ships with this kind of sandwiches?"

The guests have dined, and the host hands round a case of cigars. "I don't smoke myself," he says, "but you will find them good—my man steals more of them than any other brand I ever had."

A Boston paper wants to know "why shouldn't a girl have her shoes blacked?" Don't know anything about Boston girls, but the reason why they cannot in Chicago is because the bootblacks haven't time.

An Arkansas editor, in retiring from the editorial control of a newspaper, said, "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active control of this paper, but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is abler than we are, financially, to handle it. This gentleman is well known in the community. He is the sheriff."

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15cts.

A Western preacher, whose congregation had begun to fall off somewhat, had it intimated that he would discuss a family scandal the following Sunday. As a consequence the church was crowded. The minister's subject was Adam vs. Eve.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c.

A fashionable young lady of New Orleans, whose dead uncle had been an undertaker, said loudly, while riding in a street-car, "I wonder what has become of all the nice people?" A friend replied, "I'm afraid, Miss, that your uncle buried them all."

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1.

Polo is a game played by thin-legged young men who smoke cigarettes. They ride sawed-off horses, and try to knock a wooden ball across a lot. George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and several other men whose memories are held in esteem, never played polo.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE LIVER PILLS

do not produce sickness at the stomach, nausea or griping.

They act directly on the Liver, the organ which, when in a healthy condition, purifies the blood for the whole body.

In CONSTIPATION they cleanse the stomach and bowels without disposing them to subsequent Costiveness.

They are the only perfect preparation of **MANDRAKE,** that great substitute for Mercury. There is not their equal in the whole range of Cathartic Medicines known to man.

They are sold by druggists everywhere.

Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, is sent free, postpaid. Address

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE.

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 36-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Babies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,
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☞ *Send for circular about Waste Embroidery, 50c. per oz.*

WE GIVE the Social Visitor, largest and best story paper in the world, 6 Months, on trial, and a Beautiful French Writing Box, Inlaid Morocco, containing Lead Pencil, Penholder, 3 Golden Pens, Rubber, Patent Top Pencil, for 38 Cts. Stamps taken. This offer is made to introduce our paper into new homes. Address Social Visitor Pub. Co., Box 3139, Boston, Mass.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN** at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83.

P. POWELL & SON, 228 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Matrimonial Globe!

The spiciest paper published. Each number contains about 100 advertisements of ladies and gents wanting correspondents. Sample copy 10c. silver. Address The GLOBE, 119 Fast St., Chicago, Ill. Name this paper.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

☞ SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 21 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
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LODER'S DIGESTIVE POWDER

SURE CURE

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Fetid or Foul Breath, Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Vomiting, Vertigo, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence with frequent belching of Wind, Oppression after Eating, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to despair, arising from Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The action of these Powders is directly upon the food during the process of digestion, absorbing gases, neutralizing acid, and correcting acid secretions, promoting digestion, improving the appetite, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

PRICE, 50 CENTS AND $1.

By sending the amount in stamps, will be mailed to any part of the city or country. Sole depot—

C. G. A. LODER, Apothecary,
1539 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

HEAR YE DEAF.

Garmore's Artificial Ear Drum.

As invented and worn by him perfectly restoring the hearing. Entirely deaf for thirty years, he hears with them even whispers distinctly. Are not observable, and remain in position without aid. Descriptive Circular Free. CAUTION: Do not be deceived by bogus ear drums. Mine is the only successful artificial Ear Drum manufactured.

JOHN GARMORE,
Fifth & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $35.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

BETTER THAN EVER!

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN. 400 best authors. Prose and Poetry introduction by T. L. Carter, D. D. This elegant Home Book made still more beautiful. Revised. Entire new plates. 40 pages added. **34 new authors.** Making it by far the most attractive and rapid-selling book in the market. Extra inducements to old agents. Secure territory at once for holiday work.

For circulars and terms to agents, address
DOUGLASS BROTHERS,
53 North 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Free! Cards and Chromos

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French, and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold ground, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail, as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage; also enclose a confidential price list of our large oil chromos. Agents wanted. Address F. GLEASON & Co., 48 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT of any size made from a **Common Photograph** or any other kind of small picture. We will send **full descriptions, price,** etc., to any **reliable** man or woman who will act as our agents. To such a party we offer a **permanent** and **profitable** business of the highest respectability. Photo-Copying agents should address us by letter, stating experience, quality of work they handle, and prices paid.

THE AUBURN COPYING CO.,
85 and 87 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with **HEEL** and **TOE complete, in 20** minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.,** 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also 5½x8½ Oleograph 12 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A RICH NEW BOOK.

"CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE." Also **"WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW."** Most liberal terms to active agents. FIRESIDE PUB. CO., P. O. Box 63. 20 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the **"WONDER OF THE WORLD,"** 1,000 Illustrations. A. GORTON & CO., Publishers, 5th St., below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa.

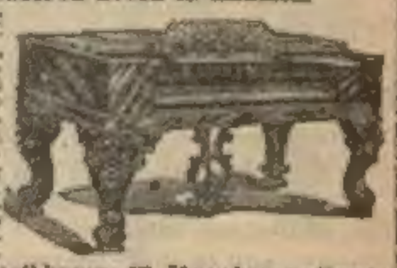
Ag'ts Wanted. Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l's free. **CHROMOS 50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS can make money selling our Family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 207 Pearl Street, New York.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Beatty's Organs and Pianofortes.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOUSE IN AMERICA.



AS the time is approaching when many will buy something handsome for HOLIDAY, Birthday or Wedding Presents, I beg to announce that nothing can be more suitable than an ORGAN or PIANOFORTE. Before you make a purchase write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE showing elegant styles at lowest prices. ☞ DO NOT BUY ELSEWHERE until you SEND FOR HOLIDAY CIRCULARS, NOW READY. Valuable information to the retail buyer. ☜ If you have no time to write a letter send a postal anyway.

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY,
BEATTY'S MANUFACTORY, Railroad Ave. & Beatty St. | BEATTY'S OFFICES AND WAREROOMS, Beatty Building, Washington Ave.
WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, United States of America.

"The Largest Organ and Piano Establishment in Existence." While as a rule over the doors of other manufactories you read "Positively No Admittance, &c.," over Beatty's you read "VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME."

WE ACTUALLY SEND GOODS TO EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY.

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Whether you live in Colorado or Pennsylvania, you can, with the utmost satisfaction, purchase the newest goods for the lowest city prices at the

GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA,

The Largest **DRY GOODS** AND Outfitting House of **JOHN WANAMAKER.**

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Only the exact goods ordered are sent, and even then, if not as expected, are willingly exchanged, or the money refunded. Samples or prices, with directions for ordering, mailed postpaid upon receipt of postal card specifying what is desired, and no obligation to purchase if prices are not satisfactory.

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GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

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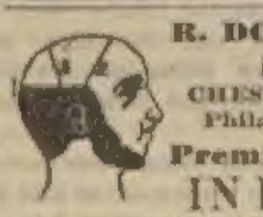

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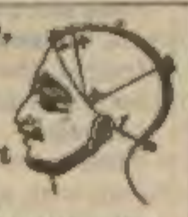
Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

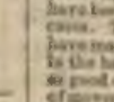
Presses and outfits from $5 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

KNOW THE FUTURE!

Prof. L. F. Hermann, the Great Scientific Astrologer and Psychologist, will for 25 cts. (silver or stamps), send a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name, time and place of marriage, and many other interesting events of your life. Address Prof. L. F. HERMANN, 19 Bond's Place, Boston, Mass.

$1.65 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—**$3.15** BUYS an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Case, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.



A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.

SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. A. BIRCH & CO., 26 Dey St., N. Y.

The Biggest Thing Out Illustrated Book (new) Sent Free. E. NASON & CO., 131 Nassau St., New York.

Cards Send two 3ct. stamps to C. TOLLNER, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., for a new set elegant Chromo Cards and Catalogue of Latest Designs for Fall and Winter.

RUBBER NAME STAMP, with business and address complete $1.50 by mail on receipt of price. Copper Linen Marker, $1.00; Rubber, 40c., with indelible ink. J. Goldsborough, 739 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Free An Illustrated book and 12 elegant Chromo Advertising Cards. Send your address and a three-cent stamp to the Aetna Card Co., 104 Fulton St., New York. P. O. Box 2726.

"Over THE GARDEN WALL" and 100 other Choice Songs and Ballads, **words and music** for 10c. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. *Illustrated Catalogue free!* J. Dietz, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

FREE TO Every Reader OF THIS Advertisement A Splendid Timekeeper.

In order to advertise HOUSE AND HOME, and secure subscribers promptly, we have decided to make the following most princely and magnificent offer to each and every reader of this paper. It is the common practice of the gold and silver smiths of England and Switzerland to purchase from the pawnbrokers of their respective countries all the gold and silver watches which have been abandoned, simply for the sake of the gold and silver cases. The works are then sold to a celebrated watch firm who have made a specialty of this business. This firm places the works in the hands of skilful workmen, who set to work and put them in as good condition as possible. These works embrace every variety of movement, some of them being very fine and perfect Timekeepers all handsomely cased. *We have just purchased the entire stock* [illegible] of a bankrupt concern of the above described watches at less than the first cost of the raw material.

On receipt of $1.85, the subscription price of HOUSE AND HOME, and $1.00 extra to pay for packing, postage, and registering, we will send HOUSE AND HOME for one year (52 numbers) and one of these watches, *postpaid*, to any address in the United States. Watches mailed the day the order is received. The watches were purchased specially to go with HOUSE AND HOME, and will be furnished only to the subscribers to that publication. In order to introduce it at once we make this unusual offer, which could not be made were it not for the fact that we bought the watches at one-quarter cost of manufacture.

On receipt of 15 cents extra we will send our new and elegant watch-chain with a whistle charm and dog call attachment—just the thing for hunters and sporting men.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Remember, any one sending us money for HOUSE AND HOME or the above offer, who can honestly say that they are not satisfied with their bargain, can have their money cheerfully refunded.

Address METROPOLITAN PUBLISHING CO.,
252 Broadway, New York City.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

West Point, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1882. Metropolitan Publishing Company: Gents: I am in receipt of the handsome premium watch sent me. I was much surprised to know that you could supply so good a timekeeper for so little money. HOUSE AND HOME alone is worth the price. Enclosed please find six (6) new subscriptions at $1.50. Please send me 6 premium watches the same style as the last. Very truly yours, Edward S. Farrow, U. S. Army.

Marlborough, Texas, Sept. 20, 1882. Gents' watch arrived all right in fine shooting qualities. Jesse W. Spotts, Jr.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 14. Premium received, and I am well pleased with it. Gen. R. W. Johnson.

Wrightstown, Minn., Sept. 20, '82. Received premium last night. Well satisfied. Martha Goodale.—Testimonials like the above received every day.

P. S.—The popular and beautiful weekly publication known as HOUSE AND HOME (illustrated newspaper), is one of the best and most elegantly illustrated weekly newspapers of the day, full of News, Art, Science, Fashion, Music, Poetry, Charming Stories, Wit and Humor, Useful Knowledge, and amusement for every American home. In fact a pictorial history of the world from week to week—eight beautifully illustrated pages—same size as Harper's or Leslie's Illustrated weeklies.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

GREEN is to be the rage this winter, either Russian-green or the still more fashionable shade of pine-green, and this is combined in very large chequers with amber, old gold, or oil color.

Threads of another color, generally pale-blue, sometimes intersect and enliven the chequers, and in this case pale-blue satin to match is frequently used for the waistcoat, narrow pleatings and pipings take off from the very severe and sombre aspect of the costume.

The choice of the satin to be combined with the chequer is decided by the tone of the complexion: blondes can wear pine-green, but brunettes show a wise preference for the old-gold or pale-fawn shade that is almost always met with in these chequers, and sometimes alternate it with green.

Great efforts are being made to obtain more variety in the trimming and arrangement of skirts, and especially to avoid the rounded back drapery with its puffs and loops.

Many skirts are made entirely covered with pleated flounces, from five to fifteen flounces being often seen, and having a very pretty effect.

The flounces are kilted or arranged in flat box-pleats, occasionally the skirts themselves are pleated, the pleats being drawn in to form tassels a la Flamande; then again there are plain skirts bronelated at the edge over pleatings, and skirts with wide box-pleats from the waist divided by fan pleatings of some different material or color.

The pleated skirt with the end turned in to form a long, loose puff is another model, and is edged with a balayeuse of bright-colored satin, and other skirts are gauged in the middle, forming a deep bouillonne and one wide flounce; when the dress is of foulard, some similar light fabric, this flounce is often of lace or embroidery.

There is still a very strong feeling for straight dresses, with the skirt flat in front, drawn towards the back and shorter at the back than in front, putting a decided stop to the abuse of draperies.

Nevertheless, paniers and draperies of all kinds retain their prestige; they are in many styles, some form part of the corsage others are separate from it; a third kind is joined on the waist, a fourth variety is formed of a gathered breadth of material joined with a heading on the long basques, which are partly gauged, and starting from the point in front or from the sides only, leaving space for the long paniers which open to show the front of the skirt.

These paniers are drawn back and terminate in a large bow, either added or formed with the same breadth.

Many toilettes will be made with tunic ends below the paniers falling over the skirt; these ends are rounded, square, or pointed at the edge, and form part of the corsage with the paniers passing over them, or, if the panier and corsage are cut together, the tunic is distinct, and simply appears to be a continuation of the corsage.

When two materials, one plain and the other figured, are employed for this kind of dress the best method of combining them is to make the corsage and tunic of one fabric, and the skirt and paniers of the other the figured material can be employed for either part of the dress.

The long redingote will be in great favor; it reaches nearly to the edge of the skirt, and is draped in paniers at the side-seams and very lightly again at the back; sufficient length and fulness for these drapings must be allowed in cutting the vetement.

The fronts are open and the fulness is brought back under the puff and caught up in close pleats spreading out below: the great novelty is to make the skirt of the polonaise-redingote shorter at the back than in front.

A wide trimming adorns the edges, including the fronts of the corsage, and the straight turned-down collar is lined with some stiff material, the opening in front being filled in with a soft foulilis of lace.

The skirt is naturally a very simple matter and easily simulated, as the front and edge only are visible.

The Grand Depot has been most successful in making these very stylish polonaise-redingotes, their excellent taste and great skill being equally apparent in the cut and draping of the vetements.

No one better understands how to seize and make the most of novel styles the moment they are introduced, when they do not forestall the introductions of others by models of their own, or to improve modes which are often too striking and peculiar for American ladies; the dresses are invariably lady-like and original, and no commonplace or ill-conceived model is ever suffered to leave their work-rooms ateliers.

Novelties in demi-saison confections are making a welcome appearance and are so pretty as to ensure a good reception.

Chief amongst them is a charming little vetement is limousine.

It is a kind of large pelerine, gathered or pleated at the waist behind to form a flounce falling over the tournure.

The fronts are much longer than the back and turned under to make a kind of visite sleeve. La limousine is made in all kinds of materials, light cloth, mille raies, chequered cloth, satin, armure, etc.; if of silken fabric, it is lined with colored silk, plain or chequered; the models in woolen material are finished off with a little velvet collar.

Stylish walking dresses are made of Scotch plaid trimmed with velvet or satin, like the following model, which however is as suitable, if not more so, for a travelling dress.

The plaid has a fawn background chequered with brown and red, and is made with a box-pleated skirt, each wide pleat separated by a fan pleating; tunic is draped on a curtain on the left with a large caroubier bow.

The corsage and paniers are in one, open with a large shawl collar of caroubier satin embroidered with Japanese characters in fawn silk, a sash of caroubier satin tying in front in a long bow; a chemisette of gauged caroubier satin fills in the open neck.

The hat is of Manilla straw, open in front and bent low on the left, lined with gauged red surah, and trimmed on the left with a red bird.

The dress par excellence, in short, of the present moment is the complete costume, dress and mantle, of Scotch plaid, in pine-green and fawn, the green forming large chequers across the other shade.

Very large chequers have won the day, and are fast driving into the background the smaller pretty chequers hitherto so fashionable in all shades.

Pine-green on fawn, dark amber, or milky amber, are the chief colors.

The skirt is always pleated like a Scotch kilt, the material either on the bias or straight, the scarf above being always on the bias if the skirt be on the straight, and vice versa.

The habit corsage is of plain pine-green cloth with a green satin waistcoat, or one of pale-blue or fawn satin in one of the fainter tints of the plaid.

One new and stylish method is to have a second pleated skirt edged with passementerie falling over the puffed and bouillonne underskirt edged with the flounces, the overskirt being open in front and falling quite straight and naturally on each side. Above are long, pleated paniers, gauged beneath the basques of the corsage, which are trimmed with passementerie; the fronts fasten with rich scabious brandenburgs, and the shawl collar opens over a puffed chemisette.

A pretty blue felt capote finishes the costume, and is lined with scabious satin and trimmed with a tropical bird.

The corsage is unusually pretty, the four brandenburgs only extending from the shawl collar to the waist, the basques being closed but appearing to fall freely.

The whole costume is very dressy but essentially made for outdoor wear.

For country visits the most correct toilette is the light cloth costume in seal-brown, pine-green, etc., richly braided down the corsage, the shawl revers extending to the front point.

The front of the skirt is of cloth; robings consisting of very narrow taffetas pleatings of the same color cover the sides between the drapery and tablier, the drapery being of cloth gracefully caught up and edged by a deep taffetas flounce.

Richer visiting toilettes are those with panels of velvet in relief on satin merveilleux, rich and comfortable in black, and peculiarly dressy and elegant in colors such as mordore, scabious, or mixed pine-green satin and oak-leaf velvet, ornamented with tassels of the same color.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLE WORK.

LUCY.—A pretty cover for a small table is made of wide bands of red plush, separated by a band of cross-stitch embroidery worked on a coarse cheese cloth foundation, with light and dark red filoselle. The ends of the cloth are cut in points finished off with a tassel.

Perpignan.—The work you mean is done on oatmeal linen, and consists of terra cotta vases cut out of sateen of the orthodox pottery color, and appliqued on the linen; but we cannot recommend you to adopt it, as the work is not satisfactory when accomplished, and the effect is trickery and anything but artistic.

G. M.—Cover your little gipsy table with dark olive green satin, and work a border in satin stitch with silk on a band of the same; a very effective pattern is bunches of mountain-ash berries, mixed with autumn leaves.

Daisy.—Embroidered cloth or plush is now suspended from brackets holding a statuette or piece of bric-a-brac; the fashion of the present time is decidedly in favor of drapery, and nothing stiff or plain is considered in good, that is to say, artistic taste.

Puzzled One.—Cover the back of the sofa, which you say is so ugly, with a foundation of cheese cloth, embroidered with colored silks and bordered on each side of the embroidery with drawn work, ravelled on the lower edge for fringe. Trim your afternoon tea cloths with lace or Russian embroidery, and embroider your monogram in colors in the corner in cross-stitch.

Amanda.—The mistake in your crewel work is that you have been trying to make it too regular, and following the outlines of the leaves instead of the direction of the veins. Take any leaf and see how these lie; the principal vein runs up the centre of the leaf from the stalk to the point; the smaller veins start from the centre on each side, and slant towards the edge and towards the point at the same time.

Your stitches must lie in the same direction as these side veins, from the centre to the edge with an upward tendency. In shading you should also take your suggestions from nature; your Virginia Creeper leaf, for instance, is red in the centre and green at the point and edges; this is entirely contrary to nature, for it is invariably the point that first becomes red, the color then stretches to the edges and towards the stalk, the centre of the leaf being frequently a bright green, while the remainder is brilliantly red.

You can only learn these things by studying natural plants, and although crewel embroidery cannot be an exact copy of natural flowers and leaves, it should not altogether reverse the order of nature.

When the present favorite style of quilt was introduced it was called the Japanese, but the national sense of humor has been too keen, and the Japanese is now generally known as the "crazy" quilt. A name borrowed from the crazy cushion work lately so popular.

There is method in its madness, however, and put together with a good understanding of color effects, the crazy quilt may prove an artistic piece of work.

In its simplest form it is a combination of pieces of silk of every color and shape, their joining lines concealed by plain embroidery stitches. The materials are the waste scraps which collect in every house, too small or too irregular to serve any other possible purpose.

These are reinforced by the exchanging of scraps between acquaintances, and not frequently a testimonial of friendship takes the form of a handsome contribution to a crazy quilt, to be known by the donor's name.

The materials for these quilts can also be purchased, as mercers do not disdain to sell small fractions of yards of elegant stuffs for such purposes, trifling sales which they would once have refused to make.

In the crazy quilt both embroidery and painting are employed, and the results are often handsome enough to warrant the enthusiasm and industry expended in producing them.

The foundation of the crazy quilt consists of patches of calico, or any other humble material ten inches square. On each of these squares is laid a large irregular piece of silk, the largest used in the square, which is called the "starter."

It is usually placed at some angle covering the centre, and it is advisable that this piece be of some light, plain color. The rest of the square is then filled up with odd pieces of silk which are simply overlapped and basted down, with the raw edges turned in.

In arranging the colors care should be taken that they harmonize. This can be insured by placing contrasting colors together filling out the edges, or different tints of the same color. In this respect there may be the widest range, as from pale yellow to deep browns, or pinks running through reds to browns, or yellows through to deep warm greens. These silks are, of course of every description, and no piece, however small, need be disdained.

The overlapping seams are covered with fancy stitches in silk and filoselle, arrasene or gold thread. The herring-bone is the simplest form of stitch used, but it is generally employed in combinations of color and with the addition of point Russe, cross-stitch, feather stitch, and every sort in fact which the ingenious fingers of women can devise.

It is impossible to give directions in this respect; the individual fancy should have free play and nothing will come amiss. The stitches are not confined to the seams, but are used at discretion in the body of the pieces, or whatever the needle-woman's fancy may direct.

Sunflowers and daisies in other stuffs, such as velvet and plush, may be introduced, together with Greek vases, Japanese teapots, and Etruscan jars. This is done, however, with doubtful taste. The only advantage attained is the additional interest which people may unexpectedly find in the quilt on close examination, in coming across these odd things; to the general effect they add nothing.

Correspondence.

IMO, (Ithaca, N. Y.)—Why, certainly.

N. V., (Barren, Ky.)—Not necessarily. There is no fixed rule on the subject.

HATTER, (Washington, Pa.)—It would not be nice to enter and leave the lady outside.

PETER, (Madison, Wis.)—It is usual for the lady to be on the inside, and to change accordingly, where one has to go any distance.

J. S. L., (La Salle, Ill.)—If you write to him in England, as we presume you intend doing, commence "sir," or if an old friend, "dear sir."

A. G. B. M., (Rice, Minn.)—The meanings of the names are as follows—Matilda, heroine; Ann, grace; George, husbandman or landowner; Henry, the chief of the house.

SUBSCRIBER, (Morris, Kans.)—Five feet eight inches is rather tall for a woman, whose dress makes them look taller than men of the same stature. Four feet ten and a half inches is short.

FANNY, (Camden, N. J.)—We know of no charm beyond what you may yourself possess that will enable you to gain the young man's affections. If he exhibits a decided preference for your rival, we think that your best course would be to forget him.

MUSIC, (West Chester, Pa.)—A person with a taste for music can learn to play upon musical instruments without the aid of either books or teacher, but with either or both of these will make more rapid progress, and the instrumentation will be more correct, naturally.

GERALD, (Jasper, Miss.)—While thanking you for your compliments, our verdict on your letter is that it is very bad. You ought to be sent to school for at least twelve months, with hard labor at spelling-book and pen. We scarcely know which is the worst, your spelling or your writing.

ARTIST, (Wood, Va.)—There are several treatises published on oil painting by artists of eminence, at a low price, which will give lucid directions as to the mixture and management of colors, and instructions how to give natural effects to a picture. We have perused two or three or them, and have been struck by their value.

C. I. R., (Macomb, Mich.)—Generally speaking children inherit the physical and mental characteristics, good or bad, of their parents, but not necessarily any characteristic possessed by one parent. Very often a prominent characteristic in one parent is modified in the child by some quality possessed by the other; nay, is not possessed by the child at all.

DOUBT, (Rockingham, Va.)—She should make one bow that would include both gentlemen. 2. The custom is for a lady to sit on the left side. 3. There is no rule about this. It must be a matter of tact on the gentleman's part. If he sees that the lady is not enjoying herself, he might ask her if she would like to go, or if she was tired, and so give her an opportunity to express her wishes.

LILY H., (Somerset, Me.)—With such evidence we scarcely know how to advise you, but we cannot reconcile the gentleman's behavior as indicating any serious regard for yourself. We are more inclined to believe that he is really engaged to another and is only amusing himself with you. Unless he is more decided in his attention, you will do well to dismiss him from your memory.

B. T., (Clay, Ala.)—You know the saying about time remedying all things. It is the same with the mind as with the body, if an injury is not too severe time will cure it; but there are some mental wounds, as there are physical wounds, which can never be healed. In your case we cannot tell without knowing more of the circumstances whether or not time can cure your, what you call, "diseased or weakened" mind.

DARK, (Beaver, Pa.)—The young man's reluctance to visit your parents may proceed from diffidence, which would soon disappear if you make it a particular request that he should accompany you home. Or you might contrive so that your mother should meet you in your walks, to whom you could introduce him, and who would invite him to her house. We consider, under the circumstances, that an implied engagement exists between you.

DAISY, (Gloucester, N. J.)—A man of nice feeling would not abruptly break off a correspondence such as you describe without some explanation. You are not justified in assuming that this particular young man has any other wish than to keep up his acquaintance with you; and perhaps improve himself in composition. Your course is now to think as little of him as possible, and if he writes again, only answer in the strain in which he addresses you.

ETIQUETTE, (New Castle, Del.)—We think the rule of etiquette to which you refer is a good one. It would be intolerable if gentlemen were in the habit of flatly contradicting ladies in conversation. A gentleman ought to know how to blend truthfulness with politeness, and give the most unmistakable expression of his views and convictions without being discourteous. If a lady expresses opinions to which you cannot assent in a manner that calls for a reply from you, you could say that you regretted there was a difference of opinion between you and that you hoped the variance would be reconciled, as it would give you pleasure to be in accord with her. And then you could courteously state your own views on the subject.

A. I. J. T., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Every person should weigh himself from time to time, and thus ascertain whether the food he is eating is adding to his flesh or not. Banting found fat in his sugar was the most productive of fat. If he ate five ounces of it he increased one pound. Another experimenter, speaking from his own knowledge, speaks in favor of suet as that which fleshed him most rapidly. Another authority says that milk, especially when taken fresh from the cow, is superior to anything else. If one can drink three pints of it a day, an increase of weight is as certain, and perhaps more certain, than by swallowing cod-liver oil. Starch, in the form of arrow-root, sago, tapioca, or farina, is equally lauded by others. To be avoided are pickles, vinegar, highly-spiced food, sour wines or fruit, acid vegetables, etc. One thing should be borne in mind—it is not the quantity but the kind of food that is demanded. If an article be difficult of digestion, it will prove a positive injury, no matter how much you partake of it. In other words, whenever the stomach has to labor with the food put into it, it detracts just so much from the nutrition which would otherwise attend it. Other causes of leanness should be avoided, such as irregular hours of rest, or for meals, eating between meals, anxiety, worry, overwork, and severe exercise.